THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 24. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

THE BLOOMING PEELERS.

English Tories Pretend That the Royal Irish Constabulary Might Be Converted Into a Hostile Force by the Home Rule Parliament.

Both Parties Seem to Have a High and Holy Horror of the Fighting Qualities of 12,000 Irishmen, Who Wear "Invisible" Green.

Following is a good report of the debate in the house of commons, London, on June 1, dealing with the Royal Irish constabulary force;

Mr. Bartley them proposed to insert after forces, the words, "or any police force other than a local police force required for local purposes, and acting under the order of a local authority."

Mr. Gladstone thought the amendment would be more conveniently disculled in connection with clause 30, which deals with the police force.

After some observations from Sir E. E. Clarke, Mr. Gladstone said that he thought it would not be desirable to interfere with the Irish legislature in a matter so purely local as the police. He was generally opposed to a central police. The local authorities ought to have the power to employ and to fix the number of the local police according to the wants of the different localities, while the Irish legislature should also have power to provide a disposable force of police, which might be employed when and where their services might be required to meet extraordinary local exigencies.

Mr. G. Wyndham thought that if the Royal Irish Constabulary were to be kept on foot they should be excepted, like the army, from Irish legislation; and, on the other hand, if the force were to be disbanded, they ought to take measures to prevent the Irish legislature from creating a similar force in the nature of a gendarmerie for coercing Ulster. The existence of such a force, at the disposal of the Irish legislature, would be inconsistent with the Imperial supremacy.

Mr. Balfour said that the prime minister seemed to contemplate some kind of central police force in Ireland under the control of the Irish legislature, and he said there was such a force in England. He knew nothing of such a force.

Mr. Gladstone said there was a large police force in the metropolis under the control of the government.

Mr. Balfour said that the Chancellor of the Exchequer proposed to hand over this police force to the county council with the exception of a small guard for the house of commons, but in any case this police was not sufficient to meet any extra emergencies throughout England. For his own part he was in favor of a central and not a local police force, and he believed that but for certain historical causes we should have such a force in England. In Ireland, at all events, he believed such a central police force would be absolutely necessary; and the question then arose whether they could safely have such a police force, which might be used for the purpose of coercing Ulster under the absolute control and at the entire disposal of the Irish legislature. If they were going to permit the future Irish government to pay and control an armed force of 11,000 or 12,000 men, what was the use of inserting in the clause a sub-section exempting the army from the control of the Irish legislature? Why, with a month's drill, the Royal Irish constabulary would be one of the most formidable military forces in the world. He knew that the gentlemen opposite resented the idea that an armed Irish force could ever be placed in opposition to an English military force, but what had happened before might happen again. Were they to overlook the possibility that they were setting up an independent legislature with a centralized police force under its control, and that they were thus creating a danger and a menace which he would not say would be fatal to the unity of the Empire in a time of difficulty and danger, but which might certainly strain even the resources of this country in a way that it would be difficult for us to meet. (Cheers.)

Mr. Morley said that the bill did not contemplate placing the Irish police under the control of the central authority. It was true that the bill contemplated the keeping on foot of the Irish constabulary for a certain time, but one of the clauses provided that no man or officer should be appointed to that force after a certain day. The force would, therefore, gradually expire.

Mr. J. Lowther (who was received with loud cries of "divide" from the ministerial party, responded to by counter-cries of "Progress" from the opposition) said that at present there was not a regiment in our service which could hold a candle to an equal number of the Royal Irish constabulary, amongst whom there were no short service men. There ought to be a provision inserted in the bill which would prevent the Irish legislature and government from raising and obtaining the control of a similar force which might be employed in doing injustice in any part of Ireland. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Fowler said that the Royal Irish constabulary and the Dublin police would never, so long as these forces remained in existence, pass into the control of the Irish legislature and government. But then it was said that the Irish legislature might create another Royal Irish constabulary.

Mr. Lowther—I did not say Royal. (Laughter.)

Mr. Fowler said that the Irish legislature were prohibited from raising any armed force. They could only sanction a local police force, which was not an armed force. There was no armed force in England.

Mr. Lowther—There is in the metropolis. The metropolitan police can carry revolvers. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Goschen said that the prime minister had contemplated the existence of a central police force.

Mr. Gladstone—I said a "disposable" force, to be used in case of local emergencies.

Mr. Goschen said that, at all events, this implied the existence of a police force under the control of the central authority. What was there in the bill to prevent that force being converted into an armed force of a military character? (Hear, hear.) He did not think that this was done by the amendment they had just accepted, or by any other provision of the measure. It was clear that a force might be created which could be converted with a fortnight's training into a military force. He could not find a provision within the four corners of the bill which would prevent the modelling, training, and organization of the future Irish police force in the same way as the Royal Irish constabulary.

Mr. Gladstone said the honorable member had so mixed question and argument that it was difficult to know clearly what it was he was expected to reply to. As far as it admitted of definite reply, he would give that reply on the question at issue. He entirely differed from the doctrine that a central police force in Ireland to meet special exigencies must necessarily have a military organization. Nothing of that kind was known in England, and his wish was that there should be no difference in character between the central and the local force in Ireland. With respect to that police force, his desire was that the ample discretion of the Irish executive should remain quite unfettered. As to an armed force, he should have been ashamed, after having prohibited the raising of a military force, he had in his mind the raising of a semi-military force as within the competence of the Irish government. It was a point of difference of opinion whether the Royal Irish constablary were virtually a military force. The Canadian and Cape armed forces were distinctly for police duties, and were organized to deal with aborigines or frontier tribes, and he put these illustrations aside as having no analogy in Ireland. We did not draw the distinction between an armed force and a police force, and was disposed to say that within the bosom of a civilized country the Royal Irish constabulary came more within the doubtful category than any other he knew of. Perhaps the best way of putting the point was—"Do you think it would be within the competency of the Irish government, whom you debar from raising a military force, to establish a force like the Royal Irish constabulary?" (Hear, hear.) His recollection was that the Royal Irish constabulary was altered since its foundation. It was at first a civil force, and he recollected that at a time of panic in 1859 and 1860 plans were proposed for giving this force a more military character, with a view to the possibility of invasion. He frankly owned he did not think the Irish parliament ought to be in a position to recruit the Irish constabulary force, as he did not regard that force as lying within the proper attribution of a local police.

Mr. Chamberlain said he could not conceive any circumstances under which it would be necessary for the Irish legislature to have the central police force under its control. There was no such force under the control of the imperial goverament. But if there was to be such a force, what should it be? It was not to be a military force, nor was it to be so armed as to be a military force in the ordinary sense of the word. If it was to be a purely civil force, as he understood the prime minister intended, he did not think that its creation would be dangerous, but was there anything in the bill which would prevent such a civil force from being converted into a military force or a force resembling the Royal Irish Constabulary?

Mr. Gladstone said he believed that the creation of an armed central police force by the Irish legislature would be illegal by the bill as it stood, but in any event a force like the Royal Irish Constabulary could only be created by an act of parliament, as that force was created. He apologized to the Irish members for having to reply to the disparaging suggestions that had been made as to the future Irish legislature (laughter.) He was not angry, but he was grieved to the heart by these interruptions. It seemed intended to throw ridicule in the subject (cheers.)

Mr. Chamberlain said the suggestions to which the prime minister referred were not more disparaging than the provisions of the bill. The right honorable gentleman had agreed to an amendment prohibiting the Irish legislature from interfering with the army or military forces. How was it more disparaging to desire to prevent them obtaining the control of an armed police force? (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Gladstone said that if the creation of such an armed police was not, as he believed it was, already rendered illegal by the bill as it now stood, he would be willing to introduce into a subsequent clause words which would render the matter quite clear.

Mr. Chamberlain expressed himself satisfied with this assurance.

Mr. Balfour said that after what had fallen from the prime minister he would recommend the withdrawal of the amendment.

The amendment was then negatived without a division.

If the hair is falling out and turning gray, the glands of the skin need stimulating and color-food, and the best remedy and stimulant is Hall's Hair Renewer.

THE MARTYRED THREE.

Mrs. Annie Besant, an Englishwoman, Throws Some Light on the Methods by which Allen, Larkin and O'Brien were Done to Death.

The Killing of Policeman Brett Purely Accidental—Heroic Conduct of Young Allen.

In the story of her life which Mrs. Annie Besant is now contributing to Mr. T. P. O'Connor's paper, the *Weekly Sun*, the following graphic description is given of the trial of the Manchester Martyrs:

Before leaving the harborage of girlhood to set sail on the troublous sea of life there is an occurrence of which I must make mention, as it marks my first awakening of interest in the outer world of political struggle. In the autumn of 1867 my mother and I were staying with some dear friends of ours, the Robertses, at Pendleton, near Manchester. Mr. Roberts was "the poor man's lawyer," in the affectionate phrase used of him by many a hundred men.

Col. Kelly and Capt. Deasy, two Fenian leaders were arrested in Manchester and put on their trial. The whole Irish population became seething with excitement, and on Sept. 18 the police van carrying them to Salford jail, was stopped at the Bellevue railway arch by the sudden fall of one of the horses, shot from the side of the road. In a moment the van was surrounded, and crowbars were wrenching at the van door. It resisted; a body of police was rapidly approaching, and if the rescue was to be effective the door must be opened. The rescuers shouted to Brett, the constable inside, to pass out his keys; he refused, and someone exclaimed, "Blow off the lock!" In a moment the muzzle of a revolver was against the lock, and it was blown off; but Brett, stooping down to look through the keyhole, received the bullet in his head, and fell dying as the door flew open. Another moment, and Allen, a lad of 17, has wrenched open the doors of the compartments occupied by Kelly and Deasy, dragged them out, and, while two or three hurried them off to a place of safety, the others threw themselves between the fugitives and the police, and with leveled revolvers guarded their flight. The Fenian leaders once safe, they scattered, and young William Allen, whose one thought had been for his chiefs, seeing them safe, fired his revolver in the air, for he would not shed blood in his own defense. Disarmed by his own act he was set on by the police, brutally struck down, kicked and stoned, and was dragged off to jail, faint and bleeding, to meet there some of his comrades in much the same plight as himself. Then Manchester went mad, and race-passions flared up into flame; no Irish workman was safe in a crowd of Englishmen, no Englishman safe in the Irish quarter. The friends of the prisoners beseiged "Lawyer Roberts" house, praying his aid, and he threw his whole fiery soul into their defense. The man who had fired the accidentally fatal shot was safely out of the way, and none of the others had hurt a human being. A special commission was issued, with Mr. Justice Blackburn at its head. ("The hanging judge!" groaned Mr. Roberts) and it was soon to sit in Manchester, for all Mr. Roberts' efforts to get the venue of the trial changed were futile, though of fair trial then in Manchester there was no chance.

On Oct. 25 the prisoners were actually brought up before the magistrates in irons, and Mr. Ernest Jones, their counsel, failing in his protest against the outrage, threw down his brief and left the court. So great was the haste with which the trial was hurried on that on the 29th Allen, Larkin, Gould (O'Brien), Maguire and Condon were standing in the dock before the commission, charged with murder. My first experience of an angry crowd was on that day as we drove to the court; the streets were barricaded, the soldiers were under arms, every approach to the court crowded with surging throngs. At last our carriage was stopped as we were passing at a foot-pace through an Irish section of the crowd, and various vehement fists came through the window, with hearty curses at "the d—d English who were going to see the boys murdered." The situation was critical, for we were two women and three girls, when I bethought myself that we were unknown, and gently touched the nearest fist—"Friends, these are Mr. Roberts' wife and daughters." "Roberts! Lawyer Roberts! God bless Roberts! Let his carriage through." And all the scowling faces became smile-wreathen, and curses changed into cheers, as a road to the court steps was cleared for us. Alas! if there was passion on behalf of the prisoners outside there was passion against them within, and the very opening of the trial showed the spirit that animated the prosecution and the bench.

Digby Seymour, Q. C., and Ernest Jones were briefed for the defense, and Mr. Roberts did not think that they exercised sufficiently their right of challenge; he knew, as we all did, that many on the panel had loudly proclaimed their hostility to the Irish, and Mr. Roberts persisted in challenging them as his counsel would not." In vain Judge Blackburn threatened to commit the rebellious solicitor. "These men's lives are at stake, my lord," was his indignant plea. "Remove that man!" cried the angry judge, but as the officers of the court came forward very slowly—for all poor men loved and honored the sturdy fighter—he changed his mind and let him stay. Despite all his efforts, the jury contained a man who declared that he "didn't care what the evidence was, he would hang every d—d Irishman of the lot." And the result showed that he was not alone in his view; for evidence of the most disreputable kind was admitted; women of the lowest type were put into the box as witnesses, and their word taken as unchallengeable; thus was destroyed an alibi for Maguire, afterwards accepted by the crown, a free pardon being issued on the strength of it. Nothing could save the doomed men from the pre-determined verdict, and I could see from where I was sitting into a little room behind the bench, where an official was quietly preparing the black caps before the verdict had been delivered. The foregone "Guilty," was duly repeated as the verdict on each of the five cases, and the prisoners asked if they had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed on them. Allen, boy as he was, made a very brave and manly speech; he had not fired save in the air—if he had done so he might have escaped; he had helped to free Kelly and Deasy, and did not regret it; he was willing to die for Ireland.

Maguire and Condon (he also was reprieved) declared they were not present, but, like Allen, were ready to die for their country. Sentence of death was passed, and, as echo to the sardonic "The Lord have mercy on your souls," rang back from the dock in five clear voices, with never a qiver of fear in them, "God Save Ireland!" and the men passed one by one from the sight of my tear-dimmed eyes. It was a sorrowful time that followed; the despair of the heart-broken girl who was Allen's sweetheart, and who cried to us on her knees, "Save my William," was hard to see; nothing we or anyone could do availed to avert the doom, and on Nov. 23, Allen, Larkin and O'Brien were hanged outside Salford jail. Had they striven for freedom in Italy, England would have honored them; here she buried them as common murderers in quicklime in the prison-yard. It is interesting to me to notice that, unknown to either of us, my future friend, Charles Bradlaugh, and myself—he as eloquent champion, and I with a young girl's helpless sympathy—were working on the same side in this quarrel. He urged that the arrest of Kelly and Deasy was illegal, and that they were, therefore, justified in using sufficient force to free themselves, and he argued passionately that the English people and press should interfere to save the lives of their rescuers. Thus, in 1867, our thoughts were bent in the same direction, though our outer lives did not touch till 1874.

GREAT HIBERNIAN PICNIC.

[*Western Watchman, June 10.*]

The annual Hibernian picnic came off at the St. Louis Fair Grounds last Sunday, and as usual was a magnificent success. The heavy storm about noontime and the threatening weather later in the afternoon kept thousands of persons away who otherwise would have attended. There were, however, between 25,000 and 30,000 people on the grounds, all of whom enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. The crowd was good natured and happy, and the most orderly that was ever assembled in this city or elsewhere.

The members of the county board and all members of the order deserve the greatest credit for the magnificent manner in which everything was conducted. The games and sports under the direction of Chairman Richard O'Hearn and his assistants were well carried out and the judges and referee gave the greatest satisfaction to the competitors. Capt. Matthew Kiely as chairman of the committee on order, deserves special mention for the part he took in the programme. Owing to the showers in the forenoon the track was heavy and the lot of the young athletes who pluckily went through the running events was anything but a pleasant one.

One of the best union bands in the city discoursed Irish national airs during the afternoon.

The great hurling match was a pronounced success and the teams received the applause of the thousands of spectators. Governor John B. O'Meara, surveyor of the port; Hon. Richard Dalton and wife; Hon. Dennis Ryan and wife; Hon. O'Neill Ryan, Col. P. Carmody, Hon. John J. O'Neill, Col. James B. Brophy, Dr. H. F. O'Donohoe, Hon. O'Neill Ryan, Col. P. P. Connor, Joseph McDonnell, Capt. Mathew Kiely and his sons, Thomas and John, and several others were interested spectators. The men who worked zealously at the gate selling and receiving tickets did the most active work during the day and deserve the thanks of their fellow members. As a result of the picnic nearly $3,000 has been added to the treasury of the A. O. H. which will net a handsome profit after defraying all expenses.

P. F. RYAN & CO.

THE CITIZEN directs attention to the advertisement of P. F. Ryan & Co. in another column. This firm is the representative Irish-American dry goods house of Chicago, and has won a deservedly high place in the business world. Ryan & Co. deal in nothing that is not first-class in make and quality. They have pride in being able to supply the public with choice goods at prices within the popular reach; and they deserve the patronage of all who admire commercial honesty, pluck and enterprise.

PLAIN PARNELLITE TALK.

The Sinews of War Needed to Sustain the Struggle for Ireland's Rights in the British Windmill.

Serious Charges Insinuated Against Certain Members of the McCarthy "Wing."

We publish to-day a letter from Mr. T. Harrington, M. P,, on the subject of the Independent Home Rule Fund, and we earnestly ask all supporters of the Independent policy in the country to consider well the request which it conveys to them. It is no exageration to say that this struggle in which the true Nationalists of Ireland are engaged is essential to the battle of the people for their rights—for the right of Ireland to govern herself, and for the right of the laity to decide how Ireland shall manage and direct her own temporal affairs. A duty more imperative was never imposed upon those of our countrymen who hold to the idea of Ireland a Nation than that which must now be fulfilled. We refuse to contemplate the idea of any failure on their part to meet the present emergency in the way that true men would.

Under a sense of their obligations to Ireland, impressed by a knowledge that they are maintaining the noblest traditions of the Irish battle of freedom, and justifying our hopes of the future by strenuously striving to realize them, they have confronted opposition that would have affrighted all but the stoutest hearts in all the land. All honor to them! They are fighting the fight that their fathers waged to defer forever the last conquest of Ireland, and to save our country from being degraded to the position of a West British province, controlled in accordance with English ideas. But that is not all. They are struggling for the right to live in Ireland as freemen, who may dare to think and act for themselves. During the last two and a half years we have had ample experience of what men who dared to hold an opinion of their own on any question might expect if those who are now the camp followers of the English Liberal Party had power to make good their threats and their fell intentions.

We need not recall the lesson of the Meath elections, and of the petitions that followed. There are not many parishes in Ireland where the same spirit of arrogant domination has not been displayed by those whose mission is one of peace and love. Are Irishmen prepared to submit to the fire-to-the-heels-and-toes system of control? If they are, let them abandon all hope of Home Rule. It would be no boon or blessing. It would be worse than the Curse of Cromwell. He was content to ravage Ireland with fire and sword; he was known to show clemency on some occasions; and he was content to slay the body without pretending to damn the soul. The despotism which is sought to be established amongst us is more far reaching. It strikes all, in all places and at all times and in all the varied phases of life. Every village from Antrim to Kerry has felt its influence. Are we to invite further aggression on the part of those who have manifested this spirit of ecclesiastical supremacy in our politics?

It is for the Nationalists of Ireland to answer. They know what they have suffered. What will they endure if they lay down their arms and fail to prove themselves men of firm purpose and fixed principles? "Woe to the vanquished" will be the cry that they must hear. Opprobrium, contumely, slander—all the weapons that hate and malice could supply have been used against them, even whilst defending themselves. Do they think that they will get better treatment should they throw down their arms and surrender? That is a plain question which every man can answer for himself. If they mean to fight on for Ireland and for themselves, for their children, and for the honor of the Irish name, they must make up their minds at once to do so. They have all the facts before them. The appeal for the Parliamentary Fund set forth in the most direct language the causes that necessitated it, and the condition of affairs that rendered it unavoidable. The question for them is whether they will respond promptly and adequately to that appeal. We have no millionaires amongst our Party. We have not sold Irish seats to unknown adventurers from foreign lands, of whom nothing was known save that they could pay for a place in Parliament with checks for thousands of pounds.

Our people have time and again, with splendid generosity, drawn from their limited resources the means of carrying on this struggle, the attainment of their own rights. The burthen has fallen upon the same people always—upon those who were conspicuous in the conflict. With organization such as is now contemplated, a vast number of sympathizers in all parts of the country will be enabled to contribute their share of assistance to the great work in which our Party is engaged of building up an Irish Nation from the materials that exist in our country. All must help to promote the common weal, and to save this old nation from the abomination of West Britonism and worse that threatens us. A good beginning is being made to-day, when a meeting to promote the organization of the Fund will be held in the National League Offices. Similarly it every town and parish throughout the land the men of Independent thought and action must meet. Let each but do his part, and it will be well for all.—*Dublin Independent, May 30.*

TO RELEASE IRISH PRISONERS.

NEW YORK, June 12.—T. St. John Gaffney, who has been deputed by the Political Prisoners' Amnesty association of Ireland to represent the cause of the American citizens who are detained in British prisons before the State Department in Washington, to day received the following communication from Secretary Gresham:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, June 8, 1893. T. ST. JOHN GAFFNEY, 93 Nassau Street, New York, N. Y. SIR:—Your letter to the President, under date of April 14, 1893, has been referred to this department for consideration and answer. You therein refer to the continued imprisonment in England, under penal life sentences, of Dr. Thomas Gallagher and two other American citizens convicted of complicity in the dynamite conspiracies of 1883, and invoke renewed representations through the ambassador, Mr. Bayard, for clemency to these unhappy men. The President recalls, and still feels the sentiments he testified in favor of these convicts during his last term of office. The failure of the kindly efforts put forth during her majesty's jubilee year, and the positive declarations against the exercise of clemency in this regard, made by Mr. Asquith, the present home secretary, when the question of commuting the sentences of the chief convicts was under consideration last winter, make it highly improbable that fresh endeavors now would meet with any better result in the case of the men who are regarded by the British government as the leading and atrocious offenders.

Mr. Bayard is familiar with the facts of the case, and will be instructed to report any more favorable disposition which may be manifested by her majesty's advisers in regard to Dr. Gallagher and his associates, and to take advantage of any disposition he may discover to extend them the same grace which has been shown to some of their less conspicuous fellow convicts. I am, sir, your obedient servant.

W. Q. GRESHAM.

OBITUARY.

MR. JAMES STENSON.

Mr. James Stenson, one of the most widely known business men of Chicago, died of peritonitis at his residence, No. [illegible] Calumet avenue, on Friday of last week. He was born in Ireland and was in his 57th year at the time of his death. He was entirely a self-made man, and, by his ability and industry, acquired a handsome competence, leaving his large family, consisting of his wife and eleven children, well provided for. The funeral occurred on Sunday from the residence to St. James' church, and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery. It was one of the largest funeral processions ever seen in this city.

A. O. H.

[*To the Editor.*]

In last week's issue of THE CITIZEN a typographical error occurred in the report of the organizing of a new division of the A.O.H., the number of which was given as No. 6. This should have read No. 5. Division No. 6, one of the oldest in the city still meets in the Town of Lake, at Vienna Hall, southwest corner of Halsted and Forty-seventh streets on the first Saturday of each month at 7:30 p.m. At the next meeting of Div. 6, to be held on July 1, the annual election of officers will take place. It has been reported that the division has suspended payment of sick benefits, which is not a fact. The only suspension of payments for sick benefits is that of a claim passed last October, which has since been found to have been a fraudulent one.

M. D. O'Brien, Rec. Sec.

WALTHAM "REPEATERS."

Sold to "Citizen" Subscribers Only.

$100 Men's Watch for $80!

THE CITIZEN is now for the first time able to offer to its subscribers the celebrated Waltham "Repeaters." These watches were made to sell at more than $100, but we have an option upon a few in solid 14k gold stiffened hunting cases. A Waltham "Repeater" strikes the time within five minutes whenever a spring on the outside of the case is moved. This is a great advantage in many situations. The two silver-toned bells do not add to the size of the watch. No more of these watches will be made. The cases will not be ready before July 1, and readers should register their names at once. An artistic special catalogue will be sent upon application. Price of watch, delivered, $80.

Full of Peril

Are those disorders which, beginning with an apparently trivial inactivity of the kidneys or bladder, terminates in Bright's disease, diabetes and cystitis. The first two not only interrupt the functions of the renal organs, but destroy their structure with as much certainty as tubercular consumption does that of the lungs. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an excellent diuretic, promoting the activity of these organs without over exciting them, thus averting the deadly maladies in which their inaction is so prone to culminate. The removal from the blood of impurities which the kidneys should, but do not, when inactive, secrete, is another beneficent effect of this incomparable medicated stimulant and depurent. The Bitters is, in all cases, too, a fine restorative of vigor and aid to digestion, remedies malarial disease, and banishes liver complaint and constipation.

THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XX.—(Continued).

Entering the Church of St. Nicholas, Edmund and the captain found the sacred building densely crowded. The brilliant light of many torches and tapers showed the dark multitudes of worshippers that filled nave, aisle, and transept. A surpliced priest, attended by acolytes, knelt at the great altar repeating the rosary in a loud and sonorous voice, and the reponses of the congregation arose at regular intervals in great murmuring waves of sound that seemed to surge upwards through the roof, somewhat like the roar of waves in a rocky cavern.

At length, the last *pater* and *ave* was said, and a deep silence reigned in the church, as an ecclesiastic of about 55 years of age, a hale and vigorous man notwithstanding, ascended the pulpit.

This was the great preacher of the day, Dr. Kirwan, a member of a Galway family renowned for producing great orators.

A dead and expectant silence reigned as he gave out the words of his text. In a low but clear voice, which rose gradually higher and higher, he commenced his sermon, which was on the evil of excommunication, and was couched in a style of language suitable to the spirit of his attentive Galway listeners. As he went on, his voice grew louder and louder, his gestures more animated, his countenance glowed, his eyes brightened and every impassioned word that fell from his lips was thrilling in its emphasis. And so he spoke on *ardentibus oculis. excandescente vultu*, etc., as his biographer, Dr. Lynch, expresses it.

"I would to God," said the preacher, "that men pondered deeply in their souls the evils which beset those who are enmeshed in the net of excommunication, and learn to know to what straits it reduces them. Their thresholds are not to be crossed by visitors; their acquaintances are not to seek their society, nor say to them, 'Hail.' They are not only to be driven from the altar and sacraments, but are to be refused admission to the church. The Gospel saith: 'Who heareth not the church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican.' Thus aband oned by all, they must dwell as it were in a solitude, everybody flying them as though they had been stricken from on high, and everybody shunning them as putrid members.

"In England, King Sigebert, being invited by an excommunicated earl, accepted his hospitality. Cedde, the bishop, hearing this, foretold that Sigebert would be murdered in his own palace. Nor did the result falsify the prophecy. But, if they pay such bitter penalties who sit down at the tables of the excommunicated, much more terrible shall be the torments of those who are stricken with such frightful censure. The sacred Scriptures tell how Ananias and Sapphira, after being excommunicated, were struck dead; how Elimas, the magician, was punished with blindness; and how the incestuous Corinthian was delivered to Satan. Many other examples of the grievous penalties attached to the excommunicated are recorded in ecclesiastical history. In the life of St. Ambrose we read that when he inflicted this penalty on the servant of Stillico, a foul demon seized and began to tear him to pieces at the same moment. Cartsius, a cleric, making light of the anathema pronounced by Gennadius, Patriarch of Constantinople, was found dead in his bed next morning. Nantinus, Duke of Angouleme, excommunicated by Heraclius, died crying out that Heraclius was heaping fire on him. Nor have men only perished when thus stricken; the brute and the inanimate thing have died under its curse; we read how locusts were destroyed, how wolves were scattered, how trees withered and crops wasted away, struck by the lightning of excommunication. St. Antoninus, archbishop of Florence, and Cardinal NicholasAlbergati, men of great piety, in order to show the force of this censure, with dire imprecation changed the color of bread, and then, praying over it, restored it to its former whiteness."

So continued the preacher, descanting on the evils of excommunication, his sermon being called forth by some scandals and vices which had recently appeared in the locality. At its conclusion he took a document into his hands, and addressed the congregation in a few vehement words, saying:

"But, O men of Galway, true and tried children of the church, not for you are the terrors of excommunication. Here tonight you are assembled to renew the solemn oath which you took last year in this very church. Let all who are prepared to do so arise."

Instantly the congregation arose, and the loud roar of its many voices resounded through the church, repeating the words of the Confederate oath as they fell distinctly from the lips of the preacher:

"I do profess, swear, and protest before God and his saints and angels, that I will during my life bear true faith and allegiance to my sovereign lord, Charles, by the grace of God King of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, and to his heirs and lawful successors; and that I will, to my power, during my life, defend, uphold, and maintain his and their just prerogatives, estates and rights, the power and privileges of the parliament of this realm, the fundamental laws of Ireland, the free exercise of the Roman Catholic faith and religion throughout this land; and the lives, just liberties, possessions, estates, and rights of all those who have taken or shall take this oath * * * So help me God and his holy Gospel."

Soon afterwards the grand altar blazed with light, the solemn swell of music and chant of psalmody floated through the sacred edifice, the bell tinkled, and all bowed low at the benediction, which brought the evening's devotions to a close.

It was rather dark as O'Tracy and Skerrett strolled back towards their inn. The streets were comparatively silent and deserted, and a spirit of peace and tranquility seemed breathing from every quaint old homestead in the City of the Tribes. A "young May moon" displayed its bright crescent in the blue dome above, peeping over the high-peaked gables of the houses and lighting up the narrow streets with its silvery radiance, while the musical tinkling of a guitar—an instrument of Spanish importation—enlivened the still and sleepy air.

As Edmund and his companion halted in the shadow of a projecting story, the sound of men's voices engaged in low and earnest conversation reached their ears.

"So everything is ready, Garrett?"

As these words reached Edmund's ears the sensation of having heard the voice that uttered them somewhere before caused him to clutch Skerrett suddenly by the arm and draw him further into the deep shadow.

"Hallo! why, what the ——" commenced the latter.

"Hush, captain, I beg you, for a moment; I have reason to know that voice;" and together they listened to the conversation of the men.

"Yes, yes, everything is ready; the fool is coming post haste; he took the message in good faith and is coming like a lamb."

"Ay, like a lamb to the slaughter," was the response; *dhar mo corp*, Garrett, you do me credit! Now, my lad, a strong stroke and a sure one. The Sassenach captain has a good lining of red gold to his purse, and share and share alike is the word. Remember, if the fight goes against us, the cry, 'A Bodkin! A Bodkin!' Those thick-headed Galway men will take the affair for a party brawl—*an thiggin thu?* Ha, ha! *M'anam an diaoul*, it's droll!"

Here the face of the speaker was turned full towards the eavesdroppers. The light fell upon it, and Edmund recognized, in spite of many alterations, the visage of Edmund O'Hugh, the murderer of Lord Caulfield of Charlemont.

"As I live, there's murder and robbery planned," whispered Skerrett.

"We will watch and wait," replied Edmund, and together they watched the movements of the two men, who stood as if anxiously awaiting the arrival of another party. Suddenly one of them exclaimed:

"Ha! See yonder!"

"'Tis he," answered the other; "now, Garrett, stand by me; be ready and strike home!"

A tall, cloaked figure was seen approaching from the extremity of the street. The miscreants crouched in the shade, awaiting their victim's coming.

"Now is our time, lieutenant," said Skerrett; "come, by my faith, we shall spoil these rascals' sport."

Drawing their swords they cautiously approached the lurking assassins, who suddenly sprang in the direction of the advancing pedestrian, lunging furiously at his breast with their swords. The stranger leaped back adroitly from the deadly blades, but in doing so slipped and fell, lying for a moment at the mercy of his treacherous enemies. Ere these latter could carry out their fiendish design they were hurled back by O'Tracy and Skerrett, who instantly engaged them hand to hand, driving them before them through the street.

The stranger, having gained his feet, rushed sword in hand to the aid of his deliverers. His cloak had fallen off, and the light of the moon dimly revealed the richly-laced and ribboned dress of an English officer. At his approach the would-be robbers and assassins at once relinquished the unequal combat, turned their backs, and fled. But as they ran they raised the cry of "A Bodkin! A Bodkin!" and, to our friends' discomfiture, the ominous party cry was taken up in different quarters, and several partisans of the Bodkin family came rushing towards them from either end of the street. A momentarily increasing crowd began to fill the narrow thoroughfare.

"Deuce take it!" exclaimed Skerrett, "we are in for a hot piece of service. We have only turned the tables on those cutthroats to find that they have turned them upon us with a vengeance. You'll stand by us, sir, I daresay," he added, addressing the man whom they had saved.

"Most decidedly, my brave rescuers! The sword of Anthony Willoughby is at your service, and he will repay the debt he owes you in his blood if necessary."

"Then we will hope for the best; three blades are not so bad, after all."

"A Bodkin! A Bodkin!"

With fierce yells of vengeance a dense crowd came surging around the three men, who placed their backs against the wall of a house, and gripped their swords in stern determination.

"Down with them!" yelled the voice of O'Hugh. "Down with them; they have insulted a Bodkin."

"Heed not the scoundrel," shouted Skerrett, "but lay hands on him and secure him. He is a thief, and we have but just saved this gentleman from him."

But the great uproar made the words inaudible.

"A Bodkin! Hurroo! Down with them!" cried the mob, and they closed in around the three swordsmen, endeavoring to beat down their weapons with the clubs, halberts, and spears which they carried. The three bore themselves well beneath the shower of blows which rained upon them, and managed to wound many of their assailants. This rendered the mob more desperate and savage. Shrieks and oaths mingled with the clangor of striking steel, and the general tumult resounded through the street. Pushing his way to the front, the scoundrelly originator of the entire disturbance, O'Hugh, engaged Captain Skerrett hotly, and proved himself an expert swordsman. The unequal struggle had not raged long ere Edmund and his companions felt themselves getting exhausted overpowered. But at a critical moment unlooked-for aid made its appearance. At one end of the street arose the cry:

"A Lynch! A Lynch!"

Then a strong force of the adherents of the house of Lynch appeared rushing along the street, charging with fierce impetuosity on the Bodkin faction. In a moment both Lynches and Bodkins, the Montagues and Capulets of old Galway, were mixed in a fierce, yelling, uproarious melee.

"Saved, thank heaven!" exclaimed Captain Skerrett, but immediately tossing his arms in the air, with a loud, gurgling cry, he fell to the earth, pierced by the sword of O'Hugh.

"Doubly-dyed murderer!" exclaimed O'Tracy, rushing on the latter; "assassin of Caulfield, turn and meet your doom."

With a face deadly pale from guilty surprise, O'Hugh sprang backwards from the sword-stroke, and then, hastily turning, the infamous foster-brother of Sir Phelim O'Neill plunged into the crowd and disappeared.

"Lieut. O'Tracy—lieutenant," murmured a faint voice at the feet of Edmund—the voice of the prostrate Skerrett.

"Yes, captain, I am here," he replied, and, kneeling, supported the body of the wounded man in his arms.

"You are listening to me, my friend?"

"Yes, yes, I am attentive—heaven grant your wound is not serious!"

"It is all over with me, my boy;—but, I say—here in my breast—Castlehaven's letter—to be delivered to General Preston—he is in Waterford—will you bear it in my stead?"

"I will, faithfully, and truly," was the response.

"Accept a dying man's gratitude;—the letter, take it—ah, it is stained with my blood, but it matters little—that is—if the writing be still legible," moaned poor Skerrett, as Edmund drew the blood-sodden missive from his bosom.

"There, there—be true to your word. Heaven save us! how cold it is getting," exclaimed the dying officer; "lay me down friend—gently, gently, for heaven's sake—oh, father! mother!—Mary!—Heaven have mercy on me!"

And breathing out his soul with these last words, the ill-fated officer expired, and only a rigid corpse lay in the arms of O'Tracy.

"What! good heavens, is the man really dead?" exclaimed the rescued stranger, as he leant on his sword and doffed his broad-leafed beaver, wiping the teeming perspiration from his brow.

"May I never wield rapier more, but there is no life here!" he added, answering himself, as he laid his hand on the breast of the slain man.

"Ho, what have we here? Is this murder, gentlemen?" exclaimed an old gray headed man of commanding appearance and rich attire, who came up, surrounded by a whole host of city guards bearing halberts and torches. It was a Galwegian of opulence and distinction, Sir Robert Lynch, whom an ancient document describes as "Baronet Councellour of the Province of Connacht, and of the whole kingdom, and member of the Parlement, whose speech to the members of the parlement was commanded to be printed for its profound erudition and elegance." Although an intense Ormondist and a creature of Clanrickard's, he was a model Galwegian as far as hospitality and urbanity went.

"There has been foul murder, sir," announced Edmund;—"my friend Capt. Skerrett has just fallen victim to a base assassin."

"Skerrett, say you, sir;—who and what is he, prithee?"

"Captain Skerrett, of Castlehaven's horse," as the reply.

"Humph! this is passing evil—the son of my old friend: would 'twere anyone else! Take him up, men, and bear him to my house. Well, Martin, are those villains silenced for the night?"

The inquiry was put to the leader of another armed band, who approached from the direction whence the brawling crowd had retreated.

"Yes, Sir Robert, they are quite dispersed, and we have made some dozen of them prisoners," responded the officer addressed.

"Right! Lead on, men, with your gory burden. Come, gentlemen," continued the old baronet, addressing O'Tracy and the strange officer, "pray give me your company for tonight."

On moved the solemn procession through the streets of Galway, the yellow glare of the torches of the guard falling on the lifeless form of the ill-fated Skerrett, over which his dark riding cloak had been pityingly thrown. A halt was made at a large, antique house in the most respectable quarter of the city. It was the time-out-of-mind chief residence of the Lynches. Here it was that the inexorable warden of Galway, James Lynch Fitz Stephen, acted the part of executioner towards his son Walter, whom he had condemned to death for the jealous slaying of his suspected Spanish rival, Gomez; and high up on the wall appeared on a closed-up window of the house the mournful record of the event in the pathetic inscription, "Remember Death. All is vanity of vanities. A.D. 1524."

In this ancient domicile Edmund passed the night. He slept in a large, heavy-curtained bed in a great, gloomy chamber, hung round with portraits of defunct Lynches—sage-looking burgomasters and merchants, gay gallants, handsome young ladies, and sagacious, deeply-ruffed matrons; while over the immense mantel was the Lynches' gold chevron and the three shamrocks on a blue ground, their wolf-crest, and their motto, *Nec temere, nec timide*. But the dead lay in the next room, stark and cold.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC FOLK-LORE.

Colann gan Cheann.

[AIR LEANAMHAIN.]

Chuaidh Dómhnal ann a leabuidh arís, acht ní raibh sé bhfad ann gur shidhbail beirt fhear asteach ag iomchar cónra (cómhra). Leag siad air an urlár é, agus shidhbail siad amach. "Ní'l fhios agam cia atá 'sa' g-cómhra, no an duine tá ann," ar Dómhnal, "rachaidh mé go bhfeicfidh mé." Thug sé léim amach, thóg clár an chómhra, agus fuair fear marbh ann. "Dar mo cheoinsias, is fuar an alt atá agad," ar Dómhnal, "dá bhfeudfá éirighe agus suidhe ag an teine bheidhtheá nios feárr." D'éirigh an fear marbh, agus théigh é féin. Ann sin dubhairt Dómhnal, "tá an leaba fairsing go leor do thrídr." Chuaidh Dómhnal 'sa' lár, an fear bocht ag án mballa, agus an fear marbh air an g-coluadh. Níor bhfada gur tholsigh an fear marbh ag brúghadh an fhir bhoicht, go raibh sé ionnann agus marbh agus b'éigin dó léim do thabhairt thríd an bhfuinneóig, agus Dómhnal agus an fear marbh d'fhágbháil ann sin. Ihi an fear marbh ag brughadh Dhómhnail gur beag nár chuir sé thríd an mballa é.

"Leirsgrios ort," ar Dómhnal, "is díombhuidheach an fear thu, leig mé amach as an g-cómhra thú, thug mé teas teine agus roinn mo leabuidh dhuit, agus anois ní chongbhóchaidh tu socair, acht cuirsidh mise amach as an leabuidh thu." Ann sin labhair an fear marbh agus dubhairt, "Is fear treun thu, agus níor mhór dhuit no bheidhtheá marbh." "Cia mharbhfadh mé?" ar Dómhnal. "Mise," ar san fear marbh, "nior thainig son fhear ann so le fiche bliadhain nár mharbh mé. Bhfuil fhios agad an fear d'ioc thu air son fanamhaint anseo?" "B'fhear-uasal é," ar Dómhnal. "Is é mo mhac-sa é," ar san fear marbh, "agus saoilleann sé go mbéidh tusa marbh air maidin; acht tar liom-sa anois."

Thug an fear marbh é sios annsan tsoilléar agus thaisbéan sé leac mhór dhó. "Tóig an leac sin, tá trí pota fáithl, agus iad lionta d'ór; is air son an óir do mharbh siad mé, acht ní bhfuair siad an t-ór. Biodh aon phota agad-sa, agus pota ag mo mhac, agus an ceann eile, roinn é air na daoinibh bochta." Ann sin d'fhosgail sé doras 'sa' mballa agus tharraing amach páipeur, agus dubhairt le Dómhnal, "tabhair é seo do mo mhac, agus abair leis gur b'é an buitléar do mharbh mé air son mo chod' óir. Ni thig liom sualmhnéas fhághail go mbéidh sé crochta, agus má tá fadhnuise a' teastál tiucfaidh mise taobhshiar díot annsan g-cáirt gan ceann orm, agus tig le h-uile dhuine m'fheiceál. Nuair bhéidh sé crochta, pósfaidh tu inghean mo mhic, agus tar do chómhnuidhe annsan g-caisleán so. Ná biodh aon fhaitchios ort rómham-sa, mar béidh mise imthighte go sualmhnéas siorruidhe; slán leat anois."

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

$100 Reward $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

READY FOR THE BORE

CONVERSATION OF A MAN WHO WAS PRIMED FOR A DYSPEPTIC.

A Chronic Invalid, Bent on Relating His Own Case, Hears of a More Remarkable One and Is Able to Get In but a Few Words In the Course of a Long Talk.

"You are so burly and robust," said the orgulous dyspeptic, with secret scorn, to his casual traveling acquaintance, "that I presume you are never troubled with dyspepsia. You have much to be thankful for. I am often in such a state that"——

Was the burly acquaintance to endure the garrulity of a chance dyspeptic? He was not.

"On the contrary," he immediately replied, for, never having suffered a moment in his life from any physical ailment, his mind was active and vigilant. "On the contrary, I have suffered untold torture from dyspepsia, and as you are interested in the subject I will willingly give you my experience. I began with the finest digestion in the world, but while engaged in the military service of the country, being 10 years scouting on the frontier, the character of the rations, together with the quality of the confections of soldier cooks previously engaged in driving hacks and slugging castings"——

"Oh, my trouble was not with cooks," interposed the dyspeptic loftily, but nevertheless much chagrined to find the burly acquaintance prepared to talk on on the subject. "As I was about to tell you, I am often in such a state that"——

"And the irregularity of the meals," hurried on the burly acquaintance, "served, you understand, in camp, al fresco and a la fourchette sans ceremonie, threw me into such disorder that I had indigestion, then dyspepsia, then nonassimilation. I submitted my case to the army surgeons. They advised me"——

"Doctors are of little use. I will tell you"——

"To confine myself to the simplest and most digestible edibles and esculents to be found in the military commissary. But I grew worse, and the surgeons ordered me back to civilization, where I could obtain the delicate nutriment which my disordered and seriously impaired system required. I went to Chicago and began a diet of chicken broth, fresh fruit, stale bread made from newly ground graham, steamed oatmeal"——

"Oh, I tried all those. Five years ago"——

"The result was that I grew worse, as before, and the local doctors advised me to go to—to go to New York, where I should be able to find foods better suited to my parlous state. Accordingly I went to New York and laid out a diet of the finest and purest of the selected foods that metropolis affords"——

"Plain country food taken as the system requires"——

"My physician advised exact regularity. I had two ounces sea food, two ounces farinaceous food, two ounces of the juice of fresh imported fruits and two ounces coagulated albuminoids every two hours. Growing steadily worse, I consulted higher medical talent. One doctor kept me on clam broth, another on tangerines, another on shredded broiled frogs' legs, another on distilled alfalfa"——

"Five years ago"——

"Growing steadily worse, I consulted still higher authority. I was now told that my diet was at variance with nature. The doctor told me that nature was proportion, rhythm, music—foods must be taken in harmonious proportions. He prescribed the same sea foods, cereals, meats and fruits as the others, but in a chromatic scale of the decreasing seventh, throwing in occasionally a few vegetables by way of variation of the fugue and double extracts as overtones"——

"Of course you recovered, your case being merely temporary"——

"Growing steadily worse, I consulted a doctor who had had great success among the millionaires—financial success. He was a man of blunt speech and plain common sense. He said I had overworked my stomach and must give it entire rest. What I was to do for a living in the meantime he did not say, but he took a large fee with great scorn, rightly deeming me for the small amount of money that he left me. My stomach was now worse than ever. It refused to be cajoled and despised my offers of peace. Excuse me a moment. Once I had spent over 48 hours fasting. I then drank two drams of soda mint with four ounces of aqua pura—everything was now drams, scruples and ounces with me, and the zigzag symbols of those distressing quantities appeared in my nightly nightmares like a procession of Daniel Quilps and Humpbacks of Notre Dame—as I say v drams of sterilized milk at 70 degrees centigrade, with iv wiggles of bismuth and ii jiggle jaggles of soda, with a couple of glasses of wine and pepsin to aid in the mysterious processes of digestion.

"The large amount of actual food contained in the ounce of milk began to distress me exceedingly, but the wine, to which I was not accustomed, gave me courage. I took several more doses of it immediately, increasing the doses rhythmically. I had not felt so well in months, I said. 'Wine is undoubtedly a mocker, but it is a good rubifacient, besides possessing valuable qualities as an antinarcotic and merrymaker. Now, very well, Mr. Stomach,' I said, 'you are unamenable to gentleness, unmoved by kindness and irresponsive to the concord of sweet culinary symphonies. I will give you something to rage about.' Putting on my hat, I walked lightly adown the street, and entering, not a doctor's waiting room, but a restaurant, I instantly ordered and partook of a repast consisting in part of turtle soup, roast old goose, broiled fat lobsters, corned beef and cabbage, salt pork, hot rolls, Italian cheese, tripe, mince pie, black coffee, chartreuse and a black and green cigar.

"As you can imagine, when you consider the philosophy of it, that ended it. I hope you will never be troubled as I've been. Good day."—New York Sun.

The Glory of Rome's Prime.

We may still stand on the tower of the capitol and survey that glorious panorama bounded by Tuscan, Sabine and Alban hills and dream what that scene was some 1,700 or 1,800 years ago. The Forum below was one radiant avenue of temples, triumphal arches, triumphal columns, colossal statues, monuments and votive shrines—the senate house, the rostra, the sacred way on the one side; the circular temple of Vesta, the temple of Castor and the basilica of Julius on the other; above on the right the temple of Jove; on the left that of Juno, and the towering palaces of the Palatine and the Circus Maximus beyond the valley. Far as the eye can reach would be vast theaters, enormous baths, colossal sepulchers, obeliska, columns, fountains, equestrian statues in marble or in bronze.

The walls of these sumptuous edifices are all of dazzling brilliance in oriental marbles, bright with mosaic and with frescoes, and their roofs are covered with plates of hammered gold. In the far distance, across terraces and gardens shady with the dark foliage of cypress and stone pine, might be seen the aqueducts which bring from the mountains whole rivers into the city to fill its thousand baths and its hundred fountains. And between the aqueducts and the porticoes, far as the eye can reach to the hills beyond, villas gleam in the sun with their terraces, gardens, statues and shrines, each a little city in itself. This earth has never seen before or since so prodigious an accumulation of all that is beautiful and rare.—Frederic Harrison in Nineteenth Century.

A Rare Feast.

A lot of Detroit girls were talking about the young men of their acquaintance, as girls in Detroit and every other town are wont to do, and one they called George seemed to be in their estimation a degree above his fellows.

"Yes," said a blond with lovely brown eyes, "I do think George is nice."

"I should say so," chimed in a sparkling brunette. "He knows more than most of them and isn't so horribly soft—at least not all the time. Indeed I consider him quite deciduous."

"Deciduous?" chimed the crowd. "What do you mean by that?"

"Oh, he isn't evergreen," she said smartly, and the sentiment passed unanimously.—Detroit Free Press.

She Was Docked.

"I see by the paper that the secretary of the navy has ordered one of the warships to be docked," said the foreman to Mike Delany.

"An phat can that be for, I dunno," replied Mike. "Maybe she was wan that was behind time an come in too late in line the day av the prisseshun."—Mount Vernon News.

A Case For Maternal Slippers.

When a boy of 14 elopes with and marries a girl of 16, who runs away with whom? This is the condition of affairs up in Clyde. And what shall be done to the runners? Referred to the home committee on judiciary and the maternal subcommittee on appropriate and usual punishment.—New York World.

Austin McRoberts, a farmer living near Wabash, Ind., died from injuries inflicted by a kicking horse.

Charles A. Epply was convicted at Zanesvile, O., of stealing $5,000 from William Williamson of Taylorville.

* * *

Thomas Keating, a cigar manufacturer of Petoskey, Mich., died suddenly. His death is attributed to drink and opiates.

Congressman O'Neill of Philadelphia, the "father of the house," has served continuously over thirty years.

Queen Margaret of Italy has a long memory. She refused to accompany King Humbert on a visit to Queen Victoria at the Villa Salmieri recently because Queen Victoria had neglected to return her call of five years ago.

Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania has vetoed the compulsory education bill passed by the legislature on the ground that "free attendance upon free schools seems to most befit a free people."

The total resources of the 190 national banks in Illinois outside of Chicago are $87,035,459. The deposits are $52,000,000.

Edward Martin, driver of a fire engine at South Bend, Ind., was thrown from his seat and received fatal injuries.

New York dispatches report that a plan is on foot to reorganize the National Cordage company by issuing bonds to the amount of $6,000,000.

TWO KINDS OF WOMEN need Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—those who want to be made strong, and those who want to be made well. It builds up, invigorates, regulates, and cures.

It's for young girls just entering womanhood; for women who have reached the critical "change of life"; for women expecting to become mothers; for mothers who are nursing and exhausted; for *every* woman who is run-down, delicate, or overworked.

For all the disorders, diseases, and weaknesses of women, "Favorite Prescription" is the *only* remedy so unfailing that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every case, the money will be returned.

EPILEPSY OR FITS

Can this disease be cured? Most physicians say No—I say, Yes; all forms and the worst cases. After 30 years study and experiment I have found the remedy.—Epilepsy is cured by it; *cured*, not subdued by opiates—the old, treacherous, quack treatment. Do not despair. Forget past impositions on your purse, past outrages on your confidence, past failures. Look forward, not backward. My remedy is of *to-day*. Valuable work on the subject, and large bottle of the remedy—sent free for trial. Mention Post-Office and Express address.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

MONEY IS FLOWING IN.

Largely Increased Attendance at the Fair.

IT PLEASES TREASURER SEEBERGER.

The 100,000 Mark Passed at the Gates Several Times—Railroads in the Central Traffic Association Begin the Running of Single Fare Excursions to the Exposition—Buffalo Bill's Indians See the White City—Infanta's Last Day.

CHICAGO, June 13.—Much needed money is now flowing into the treasury of the exposition as a result of the largely increased attendance of visitors. No one welcomes the change more than Treasurer Seeberger, whose position since May 1 has not been an enviable one. The exposition has been short of ready money to liquidate its obligations to contractors and employes, and it is not out of the woods yet by any means. Bank and commercial failures in

A. F. SEEBERGER.

this region and the panicky feeling among savings bank depositors which has just subsided have made it impossible for the exposition company to borrow any large sum of money, and the directors have stuck manfully to the pay as you go policy, having confidence in a speedy and permanent change in the number of paid admissions. The 100,000 mark has been passed at the gates several times and the latest attendance of 108,000 is accepted as an indication that an era of prosperity and a plentitude of cash to pay off all outstanding bills.

Talk of a Strike.

There is a standing order at the service building for Auditor Ackerman to hold all vouchers for money due on April and May contract work in his office until there is money to spare in the treasury for the payment thereof. That means that only March bills have been paid on contract work, but employes of the exposition have been paid promptly. There is much discontent among the workmen on the pay roll of the fair on account of the order just issued by the director of works reducing the force to an eight-hour basis and eight hours' pay. They have been working ten hours for eleven hours' pay. There is talk of striking, but such a step is likely to result in the strikers being put on an indefinite vacation basis without pay.

The railroads which are members of the General Traffic association have begun running single fare excursions into the terminal station at the fair from points within the association's territory, the tickets being good for four days. Director Ellsworth of the local corporation has met with some success in inducing all the trunk lines entering Chicago to reduce the rates for German day, which will be celebrated Thursday. The silent platforms and turnstiles of the big terminal station will probably soon resound with noise and bustle and the chatter of in-coming and out-going visitors, much to the relief of the concessionaires who have stands in the building.

Buffalo Bill's Indians.

Administration building was enlivened during the early morning hours by the appearance of all the Indians from Buffalo Bill's show. They came in charge of Major Burke and dressed in the full glory of the warpath costume made the big rotunda ring with their whoops and yells. As there was no music by the bands until 12:30 this diversion was heartily welcomed by those loitering in the big plaza. The Indians went through several buildings followed by a big crowd and passed out of the grounds about 10 o'clock.

The council of administration has been preparing a document which it is thought may be sent to Messrs. Arnold and Higinbotham of the bureau of photography and partners in the per cent. "rake off" for their special perusal, digestion and edification. The document when it goes will not mince matters in the least, but it is known that President Higinbotham is endeavoring to hold it by a strong string, as his son is materially interested.

The Northern Trust company of Chicago began business in Pavilion D of Administration building as the successor of the suspended Chemical National, which is trying to resume business down town by complying with the conditions imposed by the comptroller of the currency. World's fair concessionaires and exhibitors and others began to patronize the exposition bank without any fear of their money going astray.

The Princess' Last Day at the Fair.

It was the infanta's last day at the fair and she occupied most of it seeing the exhibits and building of her native country. She came out shortly before noon and after luncheon was wheeled over to the Fine Arts building, followed by her suite and the Chicago society gentlemen who have constituted themselves a special escort and committee on ceremonies usurping the functions of the exposition committee. At the Fine Arts building the infanta went through the Spanish salons and looked the pictures over critically. The next move was to go to Agricultural hall and examine the exhibits in the Spanish pavilion. From there a trip was made to the Manufactures building. In the partially installed pavilion of Spain the Spanish foreign commissioners and exposition officials received the princess and she spent some time there. Her last visit was paid to the Spanish building on the lake shore.

The Spanish Caravels.

GASPE, Que., June 13.—The Spanish caravels have arrived. They had a stormy voyage to this point. Thursday will be passed at Quebec.

The Park City bank suspended at Salt Lake City, assigning to Edward Kimball. Liabilities, $130,000. The claim is made that the bank will resume soon.

CHARITIES AND CORRECTION.

Subjects Discussed by the World's Auxiliary Congress.

CHICAGO, June 13.—The delegates to the international congress of charities, correction and philanthropy distributed themselves among the various sections of the Art palace. In section 1, devoted to the public treatment of pauperism, addresses on the "Systems of Poor Relief in Vogue" in their respective countries, were delivered by Thomas Mackey of London; William Vallance, White Chapel board of guardians; J. Lowles, of England; Mrs. MacCallum, of England; Dr. Mengen, of Vienna; Dr. R. Kobalsch, of Vienna; Dr. Inama Sternegg, of Vienna; Miss Edith Seller, of England; M. Prosper Van Geest, of Antwerp, and M. de Queker, of Brussels. In section No. 2, which considered the "Care of Neglected and Abandoned Children," Mrs. A. G. Spencer of Providence presided, and the speakers were Homer Folks, secretary of the New York State Charities Aid association; Francis H. White, professor of history and political science of the Kansas State Agricultural college.

Quite a large audience was attracted to section No. 3, in which the subject discussed was the hospital care of the sick, especially in connection with the training of nurses and first aid to the injured. Here a paper prepared by Miss Florence Nightingale, the famous philanthropist of England, was read, and the subject generally discussed by Miss Sutcliffe of the New York hospital training school. Miss Louise Darche of the New York city training school, Pastor Fliedner and Miss L. Davis of the University hospital training school of Philadelphia. Dr. N. A. Toby of Toledo made the opening address in section No. 4, where questions relating to the care and treatment of the insane were considered. The speakers included: Dr. O. Evarts of Cincinnati sanitarium, Dr. Frederick Peterson of New York, Dr. Stephen Smith of New York, and Dr. Hack Tuke of England.

Three Indictments Against Benton.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., June 13.—The federal grand jury has returned three indictments against Daniel Benton, alias William Newby, the man who claims to have been badly wounded on Shiloh battlefield, and to have been a prisoner at Belle Isle and a wanderer through the south for about thirty years while insane, and who claims to have come to his senses in the White county (Illinois) poorhouse. The government claims that William Newby was killed at the battle of Shiloh and was buried, and that this man is Daniel Benton, a Tennessee horsethief and ex-convict. One indictment is for presenting a false pension claim, the second for filing a false affidavit in a pension claim, and the third for perjury.

Presidential Postmasters.

WASHINGTON, June 13.—The president has appointed the following postmasters: William Campbell, at Fairmount, Ind.; Frank Behrens, at Huntingburg, Ind.; Henry Shireman, at Martinsville, Ind.; William W. Timmonds, at Portland, Ind.; Henry W. Martin, at Oelweim, Ia.; Robert E. Kearney, at Sheldon, Ia.; Samuel L. Dunbar, at Gallipolis, O.; John E. Lohman, at Hamilton, O.; Charles P. Prentiss, at Monroeville, O.; A. W. Adams, at North Baltimore, O.; Frank A. Hockett, at Willston, O.; Charles C. Graeber, at Ashland, Pa.; William J. McCoy, at Lancaster, Wis.; John Thielman, at Merrill, Wis.; Henry C. Memtrue, at Waupaca, Wis.

In the Hands of Indians.

ST. PAUL, June 13.—Dr. J. B. Walker, resident physician and overseer at the Leech Lake Indian reservation, telegraphed to department headquarters that he had accidentally shot and killed an Indian. Friends of Dr. Walker at Park Rapids, Minn., a town near the reservation, telegraphed to headquarters that Dr. Walker was a prisoner in the hands of the Indians and was in imminent danger of losing his life and to send troops. A company of the Third United States infantry will probably be sent to the reservation.

Convention of Good Templars.

DES MOINES, Ia., June 13.—The city is full of wearers of blue ribbons who are here from all over the world to attend the thirty-sixth biennial session of the right worthy grand lodge of Good Templars, which opens a ten days' session. An all day's session of the juvenile workers' institute was held, at which Dr. Oronhyaiklis of Toronto, head of the order, and other noted men spoke. The constitution was amended so that in future the institute will be international in its work.

Fatal Boiler Explosion.

ST. JOHNSBURY, Vt., June 13.—A boiler in a steam mill, owned by Land & Hooker and situated in Burnett, about five miles from here, exploded. William Fisher, the engineer, was blown 110 feet. His head and shoulders were found thirty feet from his trunk. Albert Green and Lewis John were also killed. Gordon Armstrong, who was at work in the mill, was badly scalded, and Austin Fisher slightly hurt. Two others, names unknown, were killed.

The Lizzie Borden Trial.

NEW BEDFORD, Mass., June 13.—Another large crowd was present before the court opened. Miss Borden made her appearance ten minutes before the justices took their seats. Mr. Adams continued the cross-examination of Dr. Dolan, who described the position of the bodies and said the blows came from left to right and were of moderate force. The prisoner sat with closed eyes and a fan over her face.

Fatally Burned by Electricity.

ST. LOUIS, June 13.—S. G. Love, a lineman in the employ of the Municipal Electric Light company, was roasted to death while at work on a pole at the corner of Broadway and Walnut streets. Love slipped while at work in a mess of wires and grasped with both hands a heavily charged electric light wire. He was fatally burned before his associates could rescue him and died at the city hospital.

Seized 200 Pounds of Opium.

BUFFALO, June 13.—United States customs officials made a big seizure of 200 pounds of smuggled opium at the Erie station. The opium was in two trunks. They were opened at the custom house and the contraband drug discovered. It came from Toronto, and was brought in by way of Youngstown. It was then brought to Tonawanda by wagon and checked to Chicago by way of Buffalo.

Chris Evans Captured.

VISALIA, Cal., June 13.—Chris Evans, Sontag's companion in crime, is at last a prisoner in the county jail here. One of his eyes is shot out, his right arm is broken in two places, and his left arm is shot through the fleshy part.

STRIKERS SHOT DOWN.

ANOTHER RIOT ON THE DRAINAGE CANAL.

CHICAGO, June 12.—Governor Altgeld ordered the Second and Third regiments to proceed to Lemont at once to preserve order. By the governor's direction Adjutant General Grendorff took the midnight Alton train from Springfield for Lemont to take charge. This action of the governor is due to events at Romeo, two miles from Lemont, where six strikers were killed and more than a score w[illegible]ded, many of them mortally. At 10 o'clock about 125 men left Lemont for Romeo, two miles distant and the location of the drainage camps, for the ostensible purpose of settling the strike, or at least arriving at some definite conclusion regarding the situation. These strikers have been frequently warned not to cross into Will county or on the drainage canal property operated by Contractors Smith & Jackson and Locke. The employes of these contractors have been armed and were told to defend themselves.

Strikers Shot to Death.

When the strikers arrived within 200 yards of the camps they were surprised at sight of a number of men on horseback who dashed toward them from behind a high pile of rock near the Santa Fe tracks and within hailing distance of the camps. Before they could turn to flee the riders leaped from their horses and with Winchester rifles opened fire upon them. At the volley John Kruger, a young man employed as a section hand on the Santa Fe road, fell mortally wounded, shot through the abdomen. Two unknown men were also struck and killed, toppling over into the canal. Terror stricken, the strikers, who were unarmed save for their walking sticks, broke and ran in every direction. Continuing to advance the attacking party opened fire again, and before the shooting ceased between fifteen and twenty men had been shot, some of them fatally. The names of those who it is thought cannot recover are Thomas Maretski, Michael Byer, Ignatz Pozinski, and Michael Iachutski.

Thirty-Two Were Arrested.

Those who escaped the fusillade of bullets say that undoubtedly many of their comrades fell during the hot firing whose names at this writing cannot be given. Coroner Arnold of Will county got into Lemont at about 8 o'clock and said that he had held an inquest on the body of a man 28 years old who was found lying on the towpath near the canal shot through the head. Three men are lying at the bottom of the canal, and he says no effort has yet been made to recover the bodies. In Cook county, just across the line from Will county, he said there are two men lying dead in the bushes. Thirty-two men of the of the striking party were arrested immediately after the shooting and hustled off to Joliet, where they are now under arrest. At the camp where the battle took place armed guards were found patrolling beats.

FARGO IN ASHES.

The South Dakota City Swept by a Raging Conflagration.

FARGO, June 8.—Fargo is a blackened mass of ruins. The fire started in a building in the rear of the dry goods store corner of Front and Fifth streets. A strong south wind was blowing and despite the efforts of the Morehead and Fargo fire departments soon crossed the street to Magill & Co.'s warehouse. From there it spread to the Northern Pacific Elevator company's building on Broadway. The flames spread rapidly and soon consumed the Red River Valley National bank, the Fargo Loan agency, the Opera House block with five stores, the Columbia cafe, the Merchants' State bank, the Kelson block, the Republican building, the Keeney block, and the Great Northern depot, completely sweeping the east side of the street from Front street to the Great Northern track. The Western Union office was burned out and all the operators are working at Moorhead.

The wind blew sparks further east, consuming the Dearing warehouse and several other machine warehouses on the north side, a school and dozens of residences. At 4 o'clock p. m. a Moorhead alarm was sounded. It was thought the fire had crossed the river and the Moorhead companies went back, but the flames did not cross. The Grand Forks and Detroit fire departments are here. The Casselton, Valley City and Jamestown departments were also telegraphed for. About 6 o'clock the wind shifted and the west side of Broadway caught. The following building burned: Elliott house, Citizens' National bank, Columbia hotel, E. M. Ravorth, Knights of Pythias hall, and every building on the west side of the street. No. 1, the through Northern Pacific passenger train, is here and cannot get through on account of obstructions. The loss is estimated at nearly one million dollars. About three thousand people are homeless.

World's Auxiliary Congress.

CHICAGO, June 12.—The morning's session of the conference of Charities and Correction was devoted to the reception of brief reports from the various states. Rev. J. H. Nutting of Rhode Island also presented a lengthy report from the committee on reformatories. The Catholic congress indulged in an informal discussion upon temperance, while in the Hall of Columbus the Good Templars had a field day, addresses being delivered by delegates from England, Sweden and this country. Monday will witness the inauguration of the International Congress of Charities, Correction and Philanthropy, and the delegates to which include distinguished men from every European country.

Death of Edwin Booth.

NEW YORK, June 7.—Edwin Booth, the tragedian, died at the Players' club at 1:15 a. m. The end was peaceful in the extreme. The wonderful vitality which so long had sustained the flame of light gave way, and the light had flickered out almost imperceptibly. The end had come almost before those that were watching knew it. Grouped about the bedside were Mr. Booth's son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Ignatius Grossman; J. H. McGonigle, superintendent of the Players' club and a brother-in-law of Mr. Booth; William Bisham, a close personal friend of Grossman's, and Charles H. Carrel, one of the Players' club house committee.

Secretary Gresham's Mother Ill.

MOORE'S HILL, Ind., June 1[illegible].—Mrs. Gresham, mother of the secretary of state, is very ill at her home at Lanesville, Ind. She is past 80 years of age.

NEW LAWS FOR ILLINOIS

Slowly Grinding Out of the Legislative Mill at Springfield.

SPRINGFIELD, June 7.—There was business done for a change in both houses the first session after the usual weekly three days rest, the house doing some routine business and the senate buckling to the senatorial apportionment bill with a quorum present and it was ordered engrossed for third reading. The session was very stormy, the Republicans protesting against the rulings of the president, all protests being ignored. Action on the bill had been taken Friday when there was no quorum present in spite of Republican protests, and it was on this ground that the protests were revived, with the purpose, of course, of delaying the bill. The protest was rejected as being disrespectful in language.

The apportionment bill was ordered to third reading, and a bill to confer power on the Chicago sanitary district was passed. An attempt to suspend the rules and send the bill locating the state farm permanently at Peoria was defeated, and the senate adjourned, the apportionment bill with the Riverside mistake corrected having been passed. In the house the bill making Cook county commissioners' terms two years instead of one was passed. The sweat shop bill was advanced to third reading, and the bill to give members a salary of $1,000 per term was sent to second reading. An attempt to have the lynching at Decatur condemned was defeated by objection. The news came that the senate had passed the corrected apportionment bill, and the Republicans forced an adjournment by filibustering.

SPRINGFIELD, June 8.—The senate has adopted the resolution for a commission to revise the statutes, and defeated a resolution providing for a commission to investigate the good roads question as to this state. A bill requiring semi-annual reports from all private banks was sent to third reading. A resolution providing for the care of the exhibits in the Illinois building at the World's fair after next October was adopted. The bill governing fire insurance companies not admitted to this state was passed. A protest against the refusal of the senate to record the protest previously presented and signed by all the Republican members was ruled out of order by the chair.

The house spent a large portion of the day in a fight over the corrected reapportionment. The Republicans know it will finally pass—"that is what we are here for"—but seem to think the only way to record their opposition is to filibuster and thereby string out the session—already absurdly long for the business done. This sort of proceeding results in rulings by the chair that would make "czar" Reed laugh a wild, mocking laugh. The session was a wild and disorderly one, with Republican protests against being ignored, but the bone of contention was read a first time and referred all the same.

The house has passed the bills appropriating $892,000 for the state officers and next assembly, $1,267,100 for expenses of the state charitable institutions, $70,400 for the Pontiac reformatory, $120,000 for the national guard, and the senate general appropriation bill.

SPRINGFIELD, June 9.—The governor has appointed Charles W. Piatt, of Piatt county, member of the board of live stock commissioners and the senate confirmed the same. The bills appropriating $125,000 for the National guard for the year ending June 30 next, the bill appropriating $36,000 to the Pontiac reformatory, the bill appropriating $1,700 for improvements at the northern insane hospital and that appropriating $43,000 for the central insane hospital, were all advanced to third reading. The bill providing for fire escapes on all buildings was passed.

The house passed Ferns' anti-trust bill. It requires every corporation in the state to yearly file an affidavit that it is not a member of any trust. Berry's anti-trust bill was also taken up and passed. It provides punishment for any one who shall participate in a trust. Bills were ordered to third reading requiring a yearly inspection of building and loan associations, and requiring of "foreign" associations the deposit of $100,000 before they can do business. The bill regulating the organization, etc., of life and accident companies was passed. The senate bill to provide the necessary revenue for state purposes was sent to second reading. The bill permitting cities of between 25,000 and 100,000 population to raise money by taxation to buy parks was passed.

SPRINGFIELD, June 10.—The bill to locate the state fair permanently at Peoria has been sent to the foot of the senate calendar. A bill was passed to provide for the regulation of intelligence offices. The majority report of the committee to investigate the alleged "book trust" exonerated the American Book company and gave it credit for making books cheaper. A resolution was adopted for a popular vote on amending the constitution so as to provide for legislative regulation in the matter of contracts between employer and employe. The bill providing for local option as to poll tax was passed. The senate took its weekly three-days rest.

The house passed the new apportionment bill amid a scene of great disorder. Bill appropriating $25,000 for the Normal university was passed. The anti-Pinkerton bill couldn't get a constitutional majority for suspension of the rules and failed to pass, as did the resolution for a commission to revise the statutes of the state.

Fatal Fire at Chicago.

CHICAGO, June 8.—The three-story brick building, 221 and 223 Kinzie street, was totally destroyed by fire, together with all the stock of three firms which occupied it. The losers are: The Johnson-Lande company, dealers in broom corn and broom manufacturers' supplies, loss from $40,000 to $50,000, insurance $[illegible],000; O. S. Thorp, imported fish dealer, loss $5,000, fully insured, and James Thompson, wholesale dealer in tents, twine and cordage, loss $40,000, fully insured. The firemen found in the ruins the body of Dan Feely, a porter employed in the building.

The Case Against Lizzie Borden.

FALL RIVER, Mass., June 12.—There can be no denial that it is a general opinion about town that the prosecution in the Lizzie Borden case thus far has a very weak case. The prosecution seems to think so itself, for the latest theory credited to the state is that Lizzie Borden stripped herself naked twice in one morning and in that condition committed the murders in order to keep blood from getting on her dress.

Illinois Postmasters.

WASHINGTON, June 12.—The president has appointed the following Illinois postmasters: Willis L. Grimes, at Batavia; Samuel P. Tufts, at Centralia; Isaac Fielding, at Champaign; James S. Wilson, at Mt. Carmel; John W. Potter, at Rock Island.

FRIGHTFUL CALAMILY.

Collapse of Ford's Old Theatre at Washington.

GOVERNMENT CLERKS IN THE RUINS.

When the Crash Came Many of the Clerks Jumped from the Windows and Were Either Killed or Badly Injured—The News Created the Wildest Excitement.

WASHINGTON, June 9.—Ford's old opera house, in which President Lincoln was assassinated, and in which 475 government clerks are employed, collapsed at 10 o'clock in the morning, killing and injuring a large number of people. The first floor collapsed through weakness caused by excavating a cellar, and in its fall carried down the other three floors and with them hundreds of clerks. The dead and wounded were taken out as rapidly as possible by the firemen and police. All the ambulances in the city were summoned and the rescued were conveyed to the hospitals. The scenes were terrible. Some jumped from the third floor. The walls are still standing but every floor is down and every window blown out. The building had been condemned as unsafe and unsuitable for the purpose for which it was occupied for some time, but sentiment has kept it unchanged. The floors were heavily loaded with the records of the records and pension division of the war department. The clerks employed there were all men.

Wildest Excitement.

There were over four hundred in the building. Scarcely one escaped more or less injury. Twenty-eight persons had been taken out of the ruins up to 10:15. The Emergency hospital is crowded with the dead and injured. The injuries from the very nature of the accident were of the severest character, crushed and broken limbs and internal injuries prevailing. The excitement of the relatives and friends was naturally intense, thousands surrounding the scene, and the excitement spread all over the city. Connected accounts of the cause of the accident are now partially obtainable. The excavations, which were the immediate cause of the collapse, were being made at the instance of the war department for the purpose of putting in an electric light plant. The insecurity of the building has been repeatedly reported. For a long time past whenever a heavily loaded wagon has gone by the building seemed to sway to and fro, as clerks describe the sensation.

Jumped from the Windows.

When the first rumbling warning of the approaching collapse came the clerks on the third floor, to the number of eighty or a hundred, rushed to the windows and jumped for the roof of a small building adjoining on the northwest side. Many of them escaped in this way. George W. Arnold, a colored clerk appointed from Virginia, was seen at a third story window. He was warned not to jump, but despite the protestations of numbers of people he climbed out, and, lowering himself from the sill, let go. He fell upon a covering at a lower door and slid off into the cobble stoned alley, striking on his head, instantly killing him. His head was mashed to a jelly and the cobbles for a distance of several yards were bespattered with blood. One of the bravest and most daring incidents connected with the calamity was performed by a colored boy 19 or 20 years of age, named Basil Lockwood. As soon as the floors collapsed and the dust cleared away he realized the danger of those at the rear windows, who were wildly climbing out and calling for aid, he climbed up a large telegraph pole as high as the third story window and lashed a ladder to the pole, putting the other end on the window. By this means ten or fifteen were assisted down the ladder in safety.

Some of the Injured.

Howard S. Miller of Ohio, a clerk in the bureau, and an unknown man horribly mangled, were brought to the Emergency hospital dead. A partial list of the injured at the hospital is as follows: Fred Falvert, Charles Metcalf, S. D. Dewey, William Lecture, F. N. Test, —— Kughler, Pennington Ames, Charles R. Miller, C. F. Hathaway, R. M. Patrick, J. A. Stewart, F. F. Sims, Louis Dusapy, G. M. McLaughlin. The following named persons, all seriously, but none fatally injured, have been taken to a neighboring drug store: J. H. Thomas, F. B. Smith, A. M. Gerault, — Esterling of Fort Scott, Kan.; — Shabolt of Missouri, a colored man, is dangerously injured. Officer Pody of the police force was also badly injured after the accident.

Reports of others who were injured, many of them seriously, reached the department as follows: C. F. Hathaway, F. W. Test, P. K. Pennington, A. L. Ames, William W. Lecture, L. A. Rosafy, Wellington Kugler, J. J. Meding, J. W. Webe, Martin Hoyberger, R. A. Smith, S. A. White, D. P. McCormick, — Harper, George N. McLaughlin, F. F. Sams, A. G. Yount, J. M. Stewart, S. J. Dewey, C. D. Shadbolt, G. T. Pruitt, F. S. Metcalf, Charles I. Simms, John C. Mack.

The Dead and Injured.

From all sources the number of dead reported at 5 o'clock is twenty-four, of which sixteen are at the morgue, four at the Emergency hospital and four not located. Four other persons are reported dead, but their bodies are not at the morgue or the hospitals. The names of forty-nine injured have been secured, but this is probably not nearly correct; as many of the clerks were sent direct to their homes. The correct number will doubtless exceed fifty.

As nearly as they can be identified the names of the dead at the morgue and the states from which they were appointed are as follows: George M. Arnold (colored), Virginia; B. F. Miller, New York; John Bussius, District of Columbia; George Q. Allen, Pennsylvania; F. B. Loftus, New York; David C. Jordan, Missouri; Samuel P. Banes, Pennsylvania; William Schriever, Maryland; J. B. Gage, Michigan; J. R. Fagan, Kansas; J. H. McFall, Wisconsin; L. W. Boody, New York; F. M. Williams, Wisconsin; also three bodies said to be those of F. W. Maeder, R. S. Dietrich, and —— Young. These three, however, can not be identified by the official roster of the division.

Mrs. Leslie Divorced.

NEWBURG, N. Y., June 12.—Judge Brown has granted a divorce to Mrs. Frank Leslie in the proceedings begun by her against her English husband, William C. K. Wilde, brother of Oscar Wilde, the poet. The grounds for the divorce are given as gross and vulgar intemperance, violent and profane abuse of and cruel conduct to the plaintiff, etc. The court decreed that the plaintiff may marry again during the lifetime of the defendant, but that the defendant shall not marry until the death of the plaintiff.

THE NEWS CONDENSED.

Items of Interest Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

George Walters and his daughter Nellie jumped from a trestle near Charleston, Ills., to get out of the way of a Clover Leaf train. The girl was killed and Walters seriously injured.

James Reese has been arrested at Landers, Wyo., for the killing of Minard Hall in Silver Creek in South Fremont county. They were partners and quarreled over a debt. Reese says he acted in self-defense, as Hall was trying to kill him with a rifle, when he used his pistol.

It is reported that Potter's bank at Paulding, O., will soon reopen. Chashier Sponsler, who is said to have caused the failure, has confessed judgment to the amount of $14,000. His assets exceed his debts.

A. R. Sutton, the whisky merchant of Louisville, Ky., who is alleged to have forged over $350,000 worth of whisky warehouse receipts, has been released on a $24,000 bond.

Charley Thompson, a policeman, while attempting to arrest Ed Smith and Alf Swinford at Shelbyville, Ind., for fast driving, was wounded by a pistol shot from the men, who resisted arrest. They were finally overpowered and taken to jail.

***

"Napoleon" Ives is cutting much of a figure in Ohio with the Ohio Southern. He is preparing for extensions to Cincinnati, Toledo and Chicago.

Ex-President McLeod of the Reading has bought Postmaster General Bissell's home in Buffalo, and intends to live there permanently.

Mr. Gladstone has taken a house at Brighton for three months in order that he may get rest and change of air without going far from London.

A sharp earthquake shock was felt in San Francisco and Oakland.

The stockholders of the Fairbury Union agricultural board at a special meeting held at Fairbury, Ills., voted not to hold a fair this summer on account of the World's fair.

Samuel Heffner, one of the oldest farmers in Webster county, was killed in a runaway accident at Fort Dodge, Ia.

***

Cornelius Vanderbilt has given $100,000 for an addition to the Railway Men's club house that he established in New York some years ago.

Despite the rumors that the late "Squire Abingdon" (George Abingdon Baird) had quite ruined himself financially, his English executors have sworn that his estate is worth nearly $5,000,000, and have paid probate duties of $150,000 on it.

The state military board at Lansing, Mich., decided to hold the encampment of the national guard at Chicago from Aug. 8 to 17, inclusive, providing satisfactory accommodations and transportation can be secured.

William Messmer, aged 55, a resident of Wooster, O., was killed by a train as he was walking on the track.

Carlyle W. Harris' devoted mother has brought out a book containing her son's articles, speeches and poems.

Fred Bone, a freshman in the Michigan Agricultural college, was drowned in the Cedar river at Lansing, Mich.

***

Secretary Hoke Smith says that if allotment of lands to Indians in the Cherokee strip is improperly controlled by speculators, a new allotment may be made, which will delay the opening of the strip.

Reports from Miner's Delight, the new gold field in Wyoming, indicate the finding of large bodies of free milling ore.

The Pennsylvania has agreed to pay the rent of its elegant quarters of a railroad branch of the Y. M. C. A., considering it a money-making investment.

The Duke of Veragua and party have reached Columbus, O. They were received by the mayor. There was a parade of 13,000 school children in honor of the duke and in the evening he was the guest of the Columbus club at a banquet.

The Edinburg (Ind.) starch works has closed and will not resume operations. It is in possession of the trust. The Edinburg cabinet works will close for six months, owing to dullness of trade.

The operators of the coal mines and the representatives of the striking miners held an executive consultation in Pittsburg, Kan., but failed to reach a conclusion and adjoured to meet Monday. Both sides are stubborn, but there is no bitterness.

***

Professor C. H. Stone and a party of wheelmen from St. Louis will visit the World's fair June 20 and will then make the return trip on their wheels.

The Martinsville (Ind.) Electric Light and Power company has made an assignment with assets of $20,000 and liabilities of $10,000.

Kahulani, the exiled Hawaiian princess, is living at present in the village of Burton Latimer, in Northamptonshire, Eng., where she occupies a pretty cottage in company with an elderly woman who acts as a companion.

The annual camp-meeting of the Children of God has begun at Grand Junction, Mich., and will last ten days. Delegates will be present from all parts of the country. The sect acknowledges no church organization.

WHENEVER I see Hood's Sarsaparilla now I want to bow and say

'Thank You'

Mrs. Paisley.

I was badly affected with **Eczema and Scrofula Sores**, covering almost the whole of one side of my face, nearly to the top of my head. Running sores discharged from both ears. My eyes were very bad, the **eyelids so sore** it was painful opening or closing them. For nearly a year I was deaf. I went to the hospital and had an operation performed for the removal of a cataract from one eye. One day my sister brought me

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which I took, and gradually began to feel better and stronger, and slowly the sores on my eyes and in my ears healed. I can now hear and see as well as ever." MRS. AMANDA PAISLEY, 176 Lander Street, Newburgh, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, jaundice, sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach, [illegible]

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription $2.50
Six Months 1.25
Single Copies 05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each. 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JUNE 17, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—Mr. L. S. Willard.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Lillian Russell Opera Company.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Black Crook."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Sol Smith Russell.

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, betwee Dearborn and Clark—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—James J. Corbett.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash aveune and Nineteenth street—"The Tornado."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

ARTIST MILLET BANS THE IRISH FLAG.

The Chicago *Evening Post* of last Saturday had the following: "There are some things going on at the grounds of the World's Fair that people don't know about. One of them is the dispute between Prof. John P. Barrett and Director of Colors Frank D. Millet concerning the Irish flag. You may overlook the grounds from one end to the other without seeing any one of the three flags of Ireland. The three flags are the old 'sunburst' flag, the harp flag which is carried down Desplaines street on Patrick's Day, and the green, white and orange flag which the Fenians adopted. None of these three is to be seen, although every nation from Patagonia to Greenland, no matter how small or how poor, is represented in this flag display. Prof. Barrett is a good American citizen, but he was born Ireland. He resented the absence of the Irish flag, and when he had put his electrical building in shape he determined that it should fly the green flag with the yellow harp. Mr. Millet heard of this and he protested. Mr. Millet was born in Massachusetts, but he lived in England long enough to acquire prejudices. 'I object to putting up that flag!' he said. 'Why?' asked Prof. Barrett. 'Because it isn't the flag of a nation,' said Mr. Millet. 'But it is the flag of a nation,' insisted the Professor; 'Ireland is a nation.' Mr. Millet's protest prevailed and now the director general is trying to decide whether Ireland really is a nation. It is a delicate point. The city of New York avoided contention over it by hoisting the green flag over the city hall, but although the Irish are dominant politically in Chicago a similar concession has never been made to them here. There is only one Irish flag in the Fair grounds and that floats over one of the Irish villages in the Midway Plaisance. The opinion appears to prevail among the officers that the Irish are not a nation and that they cannot have a national flag."

It comes with bad grace from a born Yankee like Mr. Millet to object to a courteous recognition of Ireland by a display of her proscribed flag at the World's Fair proper. Yet Mr. Millet has some degree of logic on his side. In the accepted sense of the term Ireland is not a nation de facto but nobody, except a Tory Englishman, or a renegade Yankee, who is worse, will deny that she is a nation de jure. In fact, the official designation of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, recognizes her nationality and her semi-independence. Scotland has no lord lieutenant, no viceregal court, no separate privy council. Neither has Wales. Ireland has. They are no great bargain, it is true, but still she has them, as a mark of distinctiveness, if nothing else.

There are in this country at least 15,000,000 people of whole Irish blood. There are as many more of half or quarter Irish blood. America would look very lonesome without her Irish children. If a register were kept open, it would be found that fully a third of the visitors to the World's Fair are of Irish birth or lineage. The Irish have a flag, by the will of her people. It is not necessary for an act of the English parliament to establish and confirm it. Although incorporated, by force and fraud, for ninety-three years with the mammoth confederation called the British Empire, their Green Flag is as well known, and recognized, in every country of the globe as the British flag itself.

The flag that won honor for its votaries on American soil, in the woods and swamps of the Virginia Peninsula, at Antietam, at Fredericksburg, at Chancellorsville, at Gettysburg and Appomattox is good enough to float over any building at the World's Fair. It floated over heroes. It will honor exhibitors and visitors by floating over them. England, strong as she is, has never been able to make the Green Flag fade from the skies of Ireland. All her troops have failed to drive it away. All her stern enactments have been levelled against it in vain. It waved over the gallant forty-shilling freeholders of Clare when they elected O'Connell, in 1828. It waved over the million-musters of Mallow and Mullaghmast, of Roscommon and of Tara. It waved over the thin hosts of Young Ireland—over the bier of MacManus—and hundreds of the British garrison—Irishmen in scarlet coats—marched under its folds to Glasnevin cemetery, where his relics were laid to rest, in Nov. 1861. It waves over every patriotic demonstration held in Ireland today. England, in fact, seeing the uselessness of proscribing the Green Flag, has ceased to proscribe it, except in her official documents and insignia. Why, then, should Mr. Millet set himself up as a proscriber of the flag? Is he "a bigger man" than the British Empire or than Director General Davis? The latter has seen the Green Flag under fire, and, in his political battles, he has ever been sustained in this city and county—Republican as he is—by those who march beneath it. A word from him can make the Green Flag fly and send Millet back to the grass he sprang from. Except the Star Spangled Banner, there could be no more artistic and beautiful emblem displayed at the World's Fair than the Green Flag, with Golden Harp, twining shamrocks and cloud-conquering sun.

HOME RULE BILL IN DANGER.

If the "Liberal" section of the British people are in earnest about seeking to end the war of centuries with Ireland they are not pursuing a policy calculated to achieve that object. Talleyrand, that profound schemer, once said, "Never make a man a half-way enemy. He will be more dangerous than if he were a whole enemy." The same aphorism may be applied to nations. Grattan, in moving his Declaration of Irish Independence, in 1782, said: "The British minister mistakes the Irish character. * * * There is no middle policy. Win Ireland's heart by the restoration of her right, or cut off the nation's right hand. Greatly emancipate or fundamentally destroy. We may talk plausibly to England, but so long as she exercises a power to bind this country, so long are the nations in a state of war. The claims of one go against the liberty of the other, and the sentiments of the latter go to oppose those claims to the last drop of her blood. [He spoke then with 80,000 armed Volunteers at his beck and call.] * * * I shall hear of ingratitude. I name the argument to despise it and the men who make use of it. I know the men who make use of it are not grateful—they are insatiate. * * * I know of no species of gratitude which should prevent my country from being free, no gratitude which should oblige Ireland to be the slave of England. In cases of robbery and usurpation, nothing is an object of gratitude except the thing stolen, the charter spoliated. A nation's liberty cannot, like her treasures, be meted and parceled out in gratitude. No man can be grateful or liberal of his conscience, nor woman of her honor, nor a nation of her liberty. * * * With the same contempt do I treat that charge which says that Ireland is insatiable; saying, that Ireland asks nothing but that which Great Britain robs her of, her rights and privileges. To say that Ireland will not be satisfied with liberty because she is not satisfied with slavery is folly. I laugh at that man who supposes that Ireland will not be satisfied with a free trade [unrestricted commerce and the right to impose duties on foreign imports] and a free constitution, and would any man advise her to be content with less?"

One hundred and eleven years have passed away since Grattan uttered those memorable words, and they apply with equal force today. The circumstances have somewhat changed. The men have passed away, but the principle remains intact. The Tories say openly that they are afraid of Ireland. Therefore, they wish to keep her poor, weak and disarmed. The Liberals do not say so, but they acquiesce, in as far as they dare, in Tory amendments, having for their object the emasculation of the Home Rule bill. These English make us sick of human fatuity and selfishness. They are a nation that, like a beast of prey, cannot exist without destroying other nations. English power is built entirely upon the ruin of subject peoples. Every nation it touches as a conqueror and a "civilizer" withers.

Gladstone is greatly culpable in permitting the Tory-Unionists, who never show him any consideration, to fritter away valuable time, and render next to worthless the bill which he himself has repeatedly admitted is the minimum, not the maximum, of Irish demands. It is thus that he cultivates a pretty well deserved reputation for inconsistency and insincerity. It has taken six weeks to pass the third clause of the first section of the bill, and, up to date, the Tories have no reason to complain of Mr. Gladstone's compliance. He gives away the vital portions of the vaunted bill with a readiness that makes even the take-anything-they-give section of the unhappy Irish party gape with astonishment. At last, they have begun to wake up the danger of the situation, as the following will show:

"LONDON, June 13.—The house of commons today passed the third clause of section 1 of the Irish Home Rule bill. The debate on this clause commenced on May 30, and has continued ever since. The obstructive methods employed by the members of the opposition, who offered amendment after amendment to the clause, excited the ire of the Irish members, and they are loud in their demands that the government put an end to the tactics of the Conservatives and Liberal-Unionists, who they declared were offering amendments with little or any idea of having them adopted, but simply for the purpose of delaying the bill. The amendments which Mr. Gladstone thought would not affect the general purpose of the bill were accepted by the government, much to the disgust of the Irish members, and, it may also be said, to a number of Liberals. But finally the clause has been adopted, and the house will now proceed to discuss clause 4, which deals with the powers of the proposed Irish legislature to deal with certain religious matters, the rights of life and property, and corporate and fishing rights. The clause just accepted by the house treats of the matters in respect of which the proposed Irish legislature shall have no power to make laws. When the result of the vote on the passage of the clause was announced, the Irish members cheered loudly."

THE CITIZEN warns the Irish members of the McCartliy section—it is hardly necessary to warn the others—that if they surrender a single local jurisdiction, to be covered in clause 4, to Mr. Gladstone's spirit of expediency, they will ruin the whole measure. They have the power to make Mr. Gladstone stand up to the enemy like a man. His first movement in retreat should be met with a stern rebuke. It would be much better for the Home Rule bill to fail gallantly than to be accepted slavishly. If any one speaks of ingratitude to Gladstone, let him read the words of Grattan. Let the weak-kneed also remember that the Whig premier said, in his introduction of the bill, that if England did not accept it, as presented, in substance at least, Ireland would demand, and eventually attain, Repeal of the Union.

DROUGHT IN IRELAND.

If the Irish springs of the future bear any comparison to the one just past, the Emerald Isle will stand in some danger of losing its time-honored designation. According to our Irish exchanges, the spring of 1893 will be memorable in Irish annals as "the dry spring." The *Independent*, of recent date, says: "Within the experience of the last ten years the spring months have been anything but savoring of approaching summer, whereas at the present time the result of the continued dry and warm weather has been to suggest Goldsmith's idea of 'Sweet Auburn,' where 'Smiling spring her earliest visit paid.' All along the roads leading from Dublin the sideways have been for weeks suggestive of the rich odor from the hawthorn bloom, while from the sycamore, flowering long before its time, came the hum of the busy bee. This was the pleasant side of the picture, but then there could be heard tales of parched-up fields, of withering vegetation, and of the prospect of failing water supplies in numerous towns and villages. A natural feeling of alarm was excited by such unusual conduct on the part of the clerk of the weather, and it was perfectly justified as will be seen by some facts which we propose to lay before our readers. March was one of the driest months on record. Rain only fell on three days—namely, on the 6th, 16th, and 18th, and the amount of rainfall as accurately calculated was only .36 per cent. From the 6th to the 16th of the month there was exclusively dry weather, and then from the 18th to the end of the month a prolonged period of drought. The prevailing wind during the month was northeast, changing to east northeast, and veering on two or three occasions to southwest. It was only, however, the northeast wind which brought rain, the average percentage of cloud for the month being 3.1 The average reading of the barometer for the month was 30.084. For the same month the mean of the maximum temperature as taken by Fahrenheit's thermometer in the shade was 53.8, and the mean of the minimum 37.8. The hottest day during the month was the 29th, when the thermometer stood at 62.2. The coldest days were the 22d and the 27th, when the average temperature was 30 degrees. The drought continued down from the 18th of March to the 18th of April, when there was a rather heavy fall of rain, amounting to .4, or little less than a half inch. On the 17th the rainfall was .44, on the 19th .03; on the 22d .01; on the 20th .1, and on the 30th .16, making a total of 1.14 for the month. During the April month the wind varied from northeast to east northeast, and the weather was generally clear both during the day and night, the percentage of cloud being only 4.0."

THE GERMAN DEMONSTRATION.

The german parade in this city on Thursday was a most gigantic demonstration and reflected lasting credit on the public spirit and patriotism of our German-American fellow citizens. We only wish, from the core of our heart, that the Irish who are, next to the Germans, the most numerous foreign(?) element in this city, had a public building at the World's Fair to be proud of. The accursed provincial condition of our native country has rendered ourselves insignificant, outside of politics, in this country, and even political control in certain great cities cannot rescue our race from the reproach of original slavery until English rule in Ireland is overthrown, by some means. If the Irish people were, in general, as practically patriotic as the Germans, and some other races that might be mentioned, England's reign in Ireland would be both brief and inglorious. We are all patriotic in theory, but when it comes to practical deeds, at least since Parnell's fall, we don't seem to be "in it." There must be something wrong somewhere or we would be up and doing.

CONGRESS SHOULD BE GENEROUS AND JUST.

The awful tragedy at Ford's Theatre in Washington last Friday recalled the other tragedy, also happening on a Friday, in which Abraham Lincoln was the illustrious victim and Wilkes Booth the assassin. Twenty-four war department clerks were hurled into eternity in the twinkling of an eye. One of them, Mr. F. B. Loftus, was known to us in childhood, and was our private teacher for some years in Ireland. He came to this country in 1855, and, being fond of adventure, joined the regular army as hospital steward. In this capacity he served on the Sioux frontier, at Fort Laramie and other posts, and was well versed in all the customs of the savages. He served during the earlier years of the war in McClellan's rrmy, but was forced to retire owing to disability produced by wounds and disease. He was then appointed as clerk in the war department—a position he held for thirty years, without interruption; and was ever regarded as one of the most efficient men in the office of the surgeon general.

His devotion to duty was such that he rarely took a holiday, and when he enjoyed such a treat, he generally devoted the time to visiting some friend of his earlier days. He was a thoroughly amiable man, finely educated, and very much of a student. He was so entirely immersed in his business that he never took any part in politics, and lived a quiet, retired life. Occasionally, he would emerge from his seclusion, to receive or entertain some old friend, and then he was a prince among good fellows. Always a true gentleman, he never gave offense by word or deed, and his friends were legion. We feel deeply sorry for the sad, sudden and violent death of a man identified with our earlier years, and always dear to us for the memory of old times. A widow and six children, nearly all arrived at maturity, survive the loss of a good husband and a fond, devoted father. God comfort them in their terrible affliction.

It seems to us that congress, which is mostly guilty of the death of Mr. Loftus and his associates, should, at its first session, make due provision for the bereaved families by voting an appropriation for their relief. Technicalities should not stand in the way. Charity is superior to political economy and human comfort should not be put in the background, because of the demented niggardness of Congressman Holman, and other backwoods cheese-parers. The men—employes of the government—were killed because of the parsimony of the government and the government should make reparation.

UNCLE SAM'S NEW NAVY.

The American navy, so long the byeword of an envious and carping world, has, at length, begun to assume form, and not even Holmanic "economy" can now prevent it from becoming something tangible and respectable. The new navy, up to date, is eminently satisfactory, particularly in the line of fast cruisers, one of which, the magnificent New York, has beaten all records on its trial trips. We are also gradually turning out ships for coast defense that will stand any guns that possible foes from the other side of the water may bring to bear upon them. But there are not nearly enough of them yet. We need also some sea-going, heavy armored fighters, to cope, if necessary, with the gigantic ocean bulldogs of other powers. A dozen vessels of first-class fighting power would render us fairly formidable, in addition to what we have built, and are building. England and France are the two foremost naval powers of the world, but the colonies and dependencies of the former nation are so numerous that she could hardly concentrate an overwhelming force at any one point in case of sudden hostilities. It is not probable that we will ever have a conflict with France—at least while she remains a Republic. Russia is also supposed to be one of the powers with which we are not likely to have trouble. Germany, Italy and Spain came under the same calculation. A navy is a very handy thing to have even if we never have much occasion to use it, as the optimistic among us are inclined to think. Outrages on American citizens and insults to the national flag have grown less frequent since Uncle Sam has shown the world, to a modest extent, that he has not forgotten the trade of Barry, Lawrence, MacDonough, Perry, Stewart, Farragut and Porter.

THE NEW SEVENTH REGIMENT.

Adjutant General Orendorff, of this state, has issued an order for the mustering in of the Hibernian Rifles of Chicago, as the Seventh Regiment of Illinois National Guard infantry, at the Second Regiment Armory, Washington boulevard and Curtis street, on Wednesday evening, June 21. It is expected that the regiment will make an appearance on the occasion that will reflect credit on the Irish-American element, from which it is chiefly recruited. A large number of fine young men have joined the ranks of the organization within the last few weeks, greatly to the chagrin of those enemies of the Irish race who hoped the regiment would not be able to show full ranks on the occasion of the muster. The National Guard of Illinois is to be congratulated on having virtually received such a strong reinforcement of soldiers who come from a stock that never failed in its duty toward America in war or in peace. It is to be hoped, however, that the accessions to the ranks of the new Seventh will not terminate with its muster into the service. It ought to be able to present on the day of brigade review at least 1,000 stalwart men. Young Irish-Americans will never have a better chance of entering a first-class military school, in which they can learn "the soldier's glorious trade," and thus, in future, be trained guardians of American law and institutions. Now, is the time to rally round the flag.

IRELAND'S SAXON CATHOLIC FOES.

The San Francisco *Monitor* of the 10th inst., discussing "English Catholics and Home Rule," seeks to show that while the old English Catholics who have maintained the faith from the days of the "Reformation" to our own, are, and have been, enemies of Irish self-government, English converts to the Catholic church have been consistent friends of Irish autonomy. There may be a grain of truth in this, and the *Monitor* proceeds to illustrate it thus:

"To give an instance from distinguished converts among the laity: see the Marquis of Ripon. He has since his conversion always been a champion of Irish rights, and neither among the nobility, gentry nor people of England can there be found a more enthusiastic advocate of Home Rule. But the old English Catholics nothing can please or appease; they have against the Irish genuine hatred, and they have ever opposed all their efforts for self-government. Many of them would fain make the world believe that the injustice done to Ireland, the barbarous treatment it received, the barbarous laws to which it was subjected were due to Protestantism. In this they are wrong: there has been between England and Ireland a race hatred, in which religion played no part. It is that hatred which impels English Catholics to oppose today Irish Home Rule as they opposed the Repeal of the Union under O'Connell, as they forgot that to the Irish Catholics they owe Catholic Emancipation. Fortunately the Irish can do without them, and can rely for justice upon Protestant Liberals and Catholic converts, and on their own right hand."

Race hatred may have something to do with the peculiar political attitude of the Old English Catholics toward Ireland. Donald O'Neill, King of Ulster in the early part of the 14th century, complained to Pope John XXII that even the English churchmen—al Catholics—were the enemies of Ireland, and that, in fact, community of worship did not soften the rigors of invasion, plunder and persecution. Art MacMurrough, King of Leinster in the latter part of the same century, waded to the hips in the blood of the mercenaries of Richard II—Catholic to a man. We all know that a Norman Catholic Bishop sentenced the heroic Joan of Arc—the noble savior of France—to be burned to death as a witch in front of the cathedral of Rouen. Race hatred is, therefore, stronger than community of creed, and political interest is stronger than either. But there is a deeper reason than racial dislike for the selfish policy of the Old English Catholic party. Of themselves, their strength in England is insignificant. They cannot afford to lose the big Catholic representation in the house of commons. They are afraid that Home Rule, no matter how constituted at first, will eventually bring about this loss. We doubt whether all the English converts to Catholicity are sincere converts to the principles of Irish Home Rule.

Selfishness and greed are immutable features of the English national character. The average Englishman resents any defiance of the peculiar civilization of his country. He is shocked and scandalized that Irishmen should prefer to be Irish rather than English. He has never forgiven the Americans for having kicked "the Mother Country's" legions into the Atlantic. Catholic or Protestant, he is for England first, last—all the time. He may take an oath of allegiance to some other country, but a sight of the union jack calls him back to his first—his only love. The Englishman is the most patriotic of all human beings. He is so patriotic that even if he goes to mass, he would not hesitate to immolate the Pope and the whole College of Cardinals on the altar of h'old h'England's glory. If a Protestant, he would, unless in rare instances, immolate the President, Senate and House of Representatives of the United States on the same altar. The Englishman, taken in his entirety, is not to be trusted by any country but his own. The exceptions, such as General Gates, who was a crank and a martinet; Tom Paine, who was a communist and a free thinker; and Lord Byron, who was eccentric to the verge of madness, emphatically prove the rule. "Jackson was a fool to trust an Englishman," said Wolfe Tone, speaking of the unfortunate clergyman's arrest and tragic death in the dock by his own hand in 1797; "he had to be a traitor either way!" What a profound insight Tone had! The Englishman is always the same, whether he is a Pope or a peasant. Nicholas Breakspeare, Adrian IV, bestowed—generous man—Ireland on Henry II, and Hodge, in our day, votes with the Tories to retain the English Pope's present.

Tho' the Saxon snake unfold
At thy feet his scales of gold,
And vows thee love untold,
Trust him not, Green Land.

A great many Irishmen seem anxious to sacrifice their native country in order that they may convert the English to catholicity. For our own part, we would not cross the road to "turn" a single Englishman from the highway followed by Henry and Elizabeth and Cromwell. The English at all times, since they first touched the soil, made Ireland a hell on earth for the Irish, and the latter are not bound to provide a heaven for their persecutors beyond the Styx. If ever the Irish and English meet in heaven, the warlike fervor of their ghosts will require the genius of another Milton to immortalize their strife. Our advice to the Irish is—do the best you can for yourselves, and let the English go to the devil after their own fashion.

MR. FERRON'S TOUR.

"THE CITIZEN" desires to congratulate the A. O. H. in Stillwater, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Duluth, Minn., on its increasing unity and strength. Our representative, Mr. P. Ferron, who has recently visited the above-named places, speaks very encouragingly of the order. He has visited various other places throughout the country, and found great progress made in every case. The Total Abstinence Society is also reported to be progressing satisfactorily. Mr. Ferron is good authority, as he is a member of both societies.

THE LEMONT SLAUGHTER.

The slaughter of the unfortunate working people at Lemont was a disgrace to Illinois. It does not appear from evidence given before the coroner that sufficient provocation existed for the use of firearms. Guns should not be lightly placed in ignorant and irresponsible hands. The forces of the state, as constituted by law, are sufficient to preserve order, and intelligent American citizens in uniform can generally check disorder without resort to bloodshed. All such happenings in America are taken up by the monarchical press of Europe with glee, and are pointed to as indications of the "failure of republican institutions."

IT is amusing to note that some of the Chicago daily papers which have been howling about the extravagance of teaching German in the primary grades of our public schools, printed, on Thursday, copious articles and communications in the German tongue, gothic character. This, to say the least of it, is inconsistent. How can people read the German printed in American papers unless they are taught the language in the schools? Perhaps our daily American contemporaries desire to drive their German rivals out of the field and monopolize the tongue of the Fatherland themselves.

THE MOORE CELEBRATION.

[*To the Editor.*]

226 LASALLE SREET, CHICAGO, June 15.—Will you kindly permit me to make the following statement in regard to receipts and expenditures of the recent Moore celebration?

RECEIPTS.

Gross receipts at box-office, May 27, as per official statement of George E. Harmon, manager, Central Music Hall	$679.25
Total receipts from programme advertisements	192.00
Total of cash received	$871.75

EXPENDITURES.

Hall rent	$150.00
Box-office printing	11.00
Vocal and instrumental artists	120.00
Printing programmes, circulars, and advertising	240.50
Carriages	27.00
Expenses of collection, etc	25.00
Total expenditures	582.50
Net proceeds	$289.25

B. CURTIS, Treas.

To Get at the Facts

Regarding Hood's Sarsaparilla, ask the people who take this medicine, or read the testimonials often published in this paper. They will convince you that HOOD'S CURES.

Hood's Pills cure constipation.

HOGAN'S GABLE-END.

AIR: "Deep in Canadian Woods We've Met."

Of boards and councils you may talk,
Of clubs and committees;
But I know where, not far from here,
To match the best of these:
'Tis where the boys of Ballybwee
Their hours of leisure spend,
And daily meet, for converse sweet,
At Hogan's gable-end.

Chorus—
At Hogan's gable-end,
At Hogan's gable-end,
They daily meet, for converse sweet,
At Hogan's gable-end.

No local press has Ballybwee,
But each and all who choose,
From day to day, with nought to pay,
Can learn its latest news,
And much beside, from far and wide,
If they their way but wend
Across the town, and saunter down
To Hogan's gable-end.

Chorus—
To Hogan's gable-end,
To Hogan's gable-end,
Across the town, and saunter down
To Hogan's gable-end.

From distant England men are sent
To rule our Irish land,
But our affairs, our wants and cares,
They fail to understand.
The Castle set around them get
Their minds to twist and bend—
They'd get the true and proper view
At Hogan's gable-end.

Chorus—
At Hogan's gable-end,
At Hogan's gable-end,
They'd get the true and proper view
At Hogan's gable-end.

But soon we'll have on Irish ground
A parliament once more,
To meet, debate, and legislate
As in the days of yore.
If Ireland then wants able men
She'll only have to send
For talent fit, and worth, and wit,
To Hogan's gable-end.

Chorus—
To Hogan's gable-end,
To Hogan's gable-end,
For talent fit, and worth, and wit,
To Hogan's gable-end.

It seems to me, since Ballybwee
To such repute has grown,
It well may claim, by right of fame,
A member of its own;
Then proud the man may be who can
Unto his name append
"M.P.," "T.C.," or "P.L.G.,"
For Hogan's gable-end.

Chorus—
For Hogan's gable-end,
For Hogan's gable-end,
"M.P.," "T.C.," "P.L.G.,"
For Hogan's gable-end.

D.T.S.

—*Irish Catholic.*

MARSHAL MACMAHON.

Will be Ninety Years Old Next July—He is Writing His Memoirs.

At his advanced age the recent indisposition of Marshal MacMahon, ex-president of France, gave rise to serious uneasiness. His loss to France would be that of a figure around which clusters some grand memories.

Marie Edme Patrice Maurice de MacMahon was born on the 13th of July, 1808, at Sully, the ninth of the eleven children of the Marquis de MacMahon, Lieutenant-General and personal friend of Charles X. He left St. Cyr to serve with Pelissier, Canrobert and Changarnier, in the regiments sent to Africa; distinguished himself in those arduous campaigns, and was raised to the rank of General after his daring exploits at Constantine. He reached Malakoff in time to carry the works, and display heroic valor; it was there that he spoke the now historic words which on the bastions of the captured "Tower" rang above the thunder of the Russian cannon: "I am here, and here I shall remain!"

Passionately fond of Algeria, the land in which he had won his first laurels, MacMahon forsook it in '57 in order to go and pacify Kabylia and presently to receive the appointment of Governor of that province by the Emperor. Magenta—remaining as the triumphant record of strategy and military science—saw the General assume the title of Duke and Marshal of France and achieve the highest honors. Then came 1870 with the fatal reverses obscuring the glorious pages of a life on which were inscribed so many victories; yet the brave soldier remained undaunted and undismayed; he advanced in the direction of Weissembourg and Froeschweiler, where 100,000 Prussians awaited 40,000 Frenchmen; he saw the remnant of those fine squadrons of the Eighth and Ninth Cuirassiers decimated by the dragoons of the enemy, and as they fell, wrenching from the Emperor William the involuntary tribute. "*Oh, les braves gens!*" MacMahon would have operated a junction with Bazaine, thrown back Prince Frederick Charles beyond the Meuse, and pursued the Prince Royal marching on Chalons. Other advices prevailed. It was not to be. Napoleon III. entered Sedan to be trapped with his 180,000 men, and, fortunately for MacMahon, he lay seriously wounded before the rendition of a large army took place. Had he been at the head of his troops he would have conquered or perished, but never have been captured alive. When he bewailed that he had not died before this humiliation of his flag, the last surviving Turcos who had fought with him at Froeschweiler gathered around him with tears on their swarthy cheeks, for they had loved him since the days in Africa, and said in their broken French: "Die! You won't die; you see we are still alive." The Marshal was carried off in an ambulance prisoner to Germany, and returned to France a broken-hearted man, to whom military service was henceforth but a glorious memory.

When the peace was proclaimed MacMahon became, almost without his knowledge, a politician. After the elections of Jan. 27 his star arose luminous and steady over the political horizon of France. He offered in his person the singular spectacle of a man whose only passion was to serve his country under arms, serving her from 1873 to 1877 in the highest civil functions. His period of presidency was perfectly clean and loyal; he may have erred on minor questions, offended one party or another, laid himself open to the censures of the press, but his reputation of a perfectly honest man was as undisputed as that of the soldier of Malakoff, of the victor of Magenta, or of the prisoner of Sedan; it can be summed up in the word—immaculate! He submitted rather than accepted to be elevated to the presidential chair. He descended from it with equanimity to retire to his country home of Sully St. Leger, near Autun.

Whatever part MacMahon has played during the eighty-five years of a well-filled life, he has in the past and the present been surrounded by the homage and respect of his countrymen. Every head is bared before the white-haired old man, who carries his age so bravely, walking erect still, reading without spectacles, riding on horseback, and putting the final touches to his memoirs. —*Ex.*

[Marshal MacMahon was born in 1808.—ED.]

CABLE NEWS.

LONDON, June 12.—The conference of the Irish members of parliament was resumed to-day. The present matter under discussion was the retirement from parliament of Thomas Sexton, who was elected as the representative from North Kerry, and who withdrew from the house of commons in consequence of the differences that have arisen regarding the management of the *Freeman's Journal*, the organ of the anti-Parnelites' wing of the Irish parliamentary party, the board of directors of which Mr. Sexton was a member. Mr. Sexton was not present at the meeting.

Justin McCarthy, the leader of the anti-Parnellites, William O'Brien and John Dillon all deplored the action of Mr. Sexton, and said they trusted that he would reconsider his determination to retire from political life. They strongly urged the conference to rescind the resolution adopted on Saturday last calling upon certain members of the board of directors of the *Freeman's Journal*, including Mr. Sexton, to resign from the directorate.

After considerable discussion the conference finally decided to rescind the resolution, and as a consequence Mr. Sexton will not apply for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundrdds, the procedure followed when a member of parliament desires to give up his seat in the house of commons.

The negotiations that have been carried on between Justin McCarthy and John Redmond, the Parnellite leader, looking to the release of the Irish fund now held by Banker Munro, of Paris, have proved fruitless, and there will be no further correspondence on the subject between the rival leaders. It is now considered that actions in the English and French courts to decide the ownership of the money held in Paris are inevitable.

John Redmond has just returned from Portland prison, where he visited the Irish political prisoners. He says that John Daly's health has improved since the beginning of warm weather. Wilson, who was sentenced to penal servitude for life on account of his participation in the Fenian conspiracy, has rallied slightly, although still weak and emaciated. Mr. Redmond is reticent as to the conditions of his visit at Portland and his conversation with the prisoners.

PETROLEUM FOR DIPHTHERIA.

In the *Normandie Medicale* of Rouen there is an interesting account of a new, and so far wonderfully successful treatment of diphtheria. It appears that in the village of Neuville-Champ-d'Oisel, about nine miles from Rouen, a malignant type of the disease broke out last year. The country doctor, M. Frederic Flahaut, treated the cases in the usual way, but the deaths were numerous. Remembering, as he says, that the English use petroleum as an anti-spasmodic and an antiseptic, he determined to try it as an experiment. His first trial was in the case of a little girl, 7 years old. He had already given her up, and proposed to the parents to make the experiment, which consisted in swabbing the throat with common petroleum. He had little hope of the success of his new method, but to his astonishment, he noticed an improvement after the very first application. He continued the treatment and the child recovered. Then he tried it successfully with his other patients. This year he had forty cases of diphtheria to treat, and he was successful in every one. In order to be perfectly sure that the cases in question were genuine ones of malignant diphtheria, he had expectorated matter submitted to the analysis of Prof. Francois Hue, of the Rouen College of Medicine, and the Prosessor reported that he had clearly discovered the presence in it of numerous bacilli of diphtheria. Moreover, his diagnosis was confirmed by Drs. Deshayes, Lerefait and Ballay of Rouen, the last named being the physician in chief of the hospital of that city. The treatment presents little difficulty or danger. The swabbing is done every hour or every two hours, according to the thickness of the membranes, which become, as it were, diluted under the action of the petroleum. The brush, after being dipped in the petroleum, should be shaken to prevent any drops falling into the respiratory channels. The patients experience relief from the very first application. The disagreeable taste of the petroleum remains for a few moments only. Dr. Flahaut has been interviewed by several reporters of Paris papers. He is a modest man, and appears to be astonished at the noise that he is making in the French medical world. He ought to become famous and rich, for he has certainly struck oil.

GAELIC GAMES.

Two games were played Sunday afternoon on the grounds of the Gaelic Athletic association, Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue. A fairly large crowd of spectators was present. The first was a football match between the Davitts and the Emeralds. The latter club had much difficulty in putting a team in the field. The Davitts at once scored two points. The Emeralds forced the ball back to center field, after which Egguey rushed it neatly to the Davitts' goal, but failed to score. After this the Davitts again regained the ascendency and maintained it to the end of the half hour, with the exception of about five minutes when the play was in their quarter field, when the score stood: Davitts 1 goal, 4 points; Emeralds, nothing. On play being resumed the Davitts again began scoring, and kept it up without intermission almost to the end of the game. The score was: Davitts, 5 goals, 14 points; Emeralds, 0. Brown, Mulcahy, Ahern and Pollard did the most notable play on the Davitts' side. J. Dawson, of the O'Briens, was referee.

The next was a hurling game, the contesting clubs being the O'Mahonys and the Emmets. When the former team lined up in the center of the field the comment was that they presented the finest appearance of any club yet seen on those grounds. When the game commenced the O'Mahonys assumed the aggressive, and soon began to score. The Emmets, however, sent the leather back, and made things interesting for their opponents, although they were clearly overmatched.

P. T. Murphy, Riedy, Merry and P. Murphy did some good playing for the Emmets, while all the O'Mahonys, but Barry, Howe, Casey, O'Donnell and Dunnee in particular, distinguished themselves on the O'Mahonys' side. The score was: O'Mahonys, 7 goals, 12 points; Emmets, 1 point. J. F. Furlong, of the Davitts, was referee.

Gaelic Athletic Officers.

At the last meeting of the council of the Gaelic Athletic Association, held on Tuesday, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Frank J. Ryan, president; John Nugent, R. W. Wolfe, J. W. Donnelly, D. E. Syron, James O'Callaghan, Thomas Cline, J. F. Furlong, John Lyons.

PERSONAL.

The Hon. J. J. Monahan, a distinguished citizen of Vermont, and one of the leading lawyers of the Green Mountain state, passed through this city on Monday en route to Sioux Falls, Iowa, where he will remain a week, and then return to take in the show of all shows. Mr. Monahan resides at Underhill, Vt., but practices at Burlington and all through the state. Although a born Vermonter, he was one of the daring spirits that twice flew to arms for Ireland at the call of Generals Sweeney and O'Neill, and distinguished himself on both occasions. Mr. Monahan served in the Union army throughout the civil war. He is now in the 50th year of his age, but looks much younger.

Mr. D. Maher, of Iowa City, Ia., is in town, with his daughter, "doing" the World's Fair. They are stopping at McCoy's European Hotel. Mr. Maher is one of the best known citizens of the state of Iowa, and, at present, occupies the lucrative position of treasurer of Johnson county, Ia. He has always been an ardent friend of Ireland, as becomes a native of gallant Tipperary.

Mr. James McCormack, of Walnut Hill, Ia., has been visiting his friend and school fellow, Mr. James T. Clarke, No. 1267 West Sixteenth street, during the week. Mr. McCormack is a successful farmer, and has large business interests in the West, and in this city. He has returned to Iowa, but will come back with his family to enjoy the wonders of the World's Fair.

THE remains of Mr. Herman Schaffner, the banker of this city, who disappeared on the 3d inst., were found floating in the lake on Wednesday by a couple of fishermen. The body was thoroughly identified, and no doubt is felt that the unfortunate gentleman drowned himself while laboring under temrorary insanity, superinduced by real and fancied financial losses.

A BOY AND A BULL.

Ernest Dolley lies at his home in Broadview, this county, suffering from frightful injuries received during a terrible encounter with an enraged bull. Broadview is a station on the Chicago, Madison and Northern railroad, fifteen miles from Chicago. The story of the young man's fight with the big bull is the talk of the country side, and that Dolley is alive to tell the tale is little short of the miraculous.

One afternoon this week young Dolley strolled down from Broadview to North Riverside, fishing rod in hand. He selected a place on the bank of the Desplaines river not far from the railroad bridge. He soon became intent on the sport and forgot his surroundings. So oblivious was he to his surroundings that he failed to hear the tramp of a bull, which pushed its head over the hill above him. Suddenly Dolley heard a snort, and turning his head saw, to his utter terror, the flashing eyes and red tongue of the maddened animal right behind him.

The bull lowered his head. Dolley screamed in his terror, but there was no one near to hear his cry for help. Behind him was the sharp horns, in front of him the river. Before Dolley could determine what to do the bull was on him. A horn caught the terrorized lad in the leg and threw him down. He got to his feet only to receive another prod, and down he went in the grass again. The hot breath of the bull was in his face. With a superhuman effort Dolley regained his feet, and with another agonizing cry plunged into the river.

But Dolley was not to escape thus easily. His enemy, more enraged than ever, plunged into the stream with a bellow, almost striking the lad as he struck the water. Dolley, desperately hurt and bleeding, struck out for the opposite bank. The bull was close behind him, wading, and so persistent in his endeavors to reach the wounded swimmer that he soon got beyond his depth himself. Then the animal found that he must turn his attention from the destruction of the lad to saving himself.

Instead of turning about and heading for the west bank, the bull kept straight ahead to the east. Dolley was fast weakening from fright and loss of blood, and a moment later would have sunk to the bottom. But at this supreme moment help appeared, and from the most unexpected quarter. When the bull reached Dolley an inspiration filled the lad's mind. He saw the horns of the bull within easy reach of him. Quick as a flash Dolley shot out his hand and grasped the animal by the horn. The bull had sense enough to realize its danger, and tried to shake its tender off. But it was life and death with the lad, and his grip grew all the tighter.

In a very short time the opposite bank of the Desplaines was reached. Dolley imagined himself safe when he saw the bull puffing for breath on the land. He started, as well as his hurts would permit, to place a safe distance between himself and his late savior. But he reckoned without his host. The beast was not through with its victim. It started on the jump for the fleeing lad, and in three bounds was on him. Dolley screamed anew as the horns struck him, tearing his flesh again. This time help was at hand. A hunter, accompanied by two dogs, was at the top of the hill. He heard the cry, and looking down quickly took in the situation. At the word of command the two dogs shot down the hill and tackled the bull. That settled the fight. The dogs soon had the big brute on the run, and the hunter came to Dolley's help. The lastnamed had fainted after his short but trying exertions, and his rescuer was compelled to carry him home.

On arriving at Broadview a messenger was sent to Riverside for a physician, who hastened to the house and bound up the lad's wounds. They were numerous and severe, so much so that life for a time was despaired of. As it is, Dolley has been unable so far to leave his bed, but will live to tell the tale of one of the most exciting and terrifying encounters with a bull that have ever been related.—*Saturday Blade.*

BEWARE OF P. J. FLYNN.

The public, and especially newspaper publishers, are hereby warned against one Patrick J. Flynn, who resides, or recently resided, at South Halsted street and 37th court. He is in the habit of collecting money for newspapers, and retaining it for his own use. Also he has had several bad checks cashed, and the victims have been to this office making inquiries about the fellow. Flynn has no connection whatever with this paper. He is, perhaps, forty-five years of age; about six feet in stature; has bluish eyes, a blonde, full beard, and has a habit of talking to people with his hands in his pockets and his head bent forward. As evening approaches he generally gets drunk, and can be easily recognized by these presents. He is an impudent, unscrupulous fraud, and should have no quarter from any respectable person.

Sam T. Jack's.

The Marie Sanger company, one of the most popular burlesque organizations on the circuit, has been meeting with such success at Sam T. Jack's Opera House that it is retained for another week. With this company is Lew Hawkins, beloved by all theatre goers; the Durell twins, whose resemblance is such that they cannot distonguish themselves in the dark; Smith and Campbell, the clever humorists, Hafford and Mantell, the singers; Alice Gilmore, Dolly Davenport, and Prince Mitzkabiffsky's troop of Cossacks. A burlesque, "The Neapolitan Maiden" concludes the programme. Nettie Von Bieg and Carrie Rogers are the leading lights, with Sadie Collins, George Beban, Gus Burns and Charles Belmont as assistants.

Book of the Fair.

The World's Fair will not be permitted to live only in the memories of those who saw it, and in the files of newspapers. The Bancroft Company, Auditorium Building, Chicago, have in preparation what they call "The Book of the Fair," which will be a permanent and illustrated chronicle of the exhibits. The text is by Hubert Howe Bancroft, and the illustrations profuse. As pointed out in the preface, the exhibition of 1851 was contained in a single edifice of one million square feet, while the space occupied at the World's Fair of today is eight or nine times as great.

"It has cured others and will cure you" is true only of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The motto suits the medicine and the medicine the motto. What better assurance could you have that a remedy will cure you, than the fact that it has cured such multitudes of others?

T. Shea, Tailor.
374 W. Madison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20, $25, $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES.

Annual Convention on June 18.

The annual convention of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook county will meet in Fitzgerald's Hall, Halsted and Adams streets, on Sunday afternoon, June 18, at 3 o'clock sharp, for the purpose of making arrangements for the annual Irish National Demonstration, to be held at Ogden Grove on Aug. 15; and also to elect officers for the ensuing year. Each qualified Irish-American society, desirous of participating, is entitled to three delegates.

JOHN F. FINERTY, Pres't.
JOHN DOWLING, } Sec's.
T. F. M'CARTHY, }

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

P. F. RYAN & Co.

MADISON AND PEORIA STREETS.

ANNOUNCE

A SPECIAL SALE
—OF—
CAPES AND JACKETS
At Reduced Prices.

500 Tan Capes, richly trimmed, worth $6.00, now..... $2.98
Handsome Velvet Capes, in black, tan and green, worth $10, now.. $5.98
150 Imported Capes, no two alike, at less than half price.
CHILDREN'S JACKETS..... 98c
Ladies' All-Wool Jackets, colors tan, gray, navy and black, latest styles, values up to $10, now.... $3.98

SUITS, WAISTS AND WRAPPERS.

100 Eton Suits, blues, tans, grays, etc worth $7.50, now..... $3.98
750 Wash Dresses, useful and stylish, values up to $4.50, all at.... 1.75
100 dozen Cambric Waists, worth 75c and $1.00, now..... 49c
Silk Waists, all colors, large sleeves worth $6, choice at..... 3.98
50 doz. Percale Wrappers, worth $1.50, now..... 98c
Wool Wrappers, in latest styles and newest fabrics, richly trimmed, value $10, now..... 4.98

OUTFITTING DEPT.

Infants' Silk Caps, worth $1.00 and 75c..... 49c and 39c
Infants' Long Coats, embroidered cashmere, worth $3.00, now.... $1.75
Child's Gingham Dresses, 1 to 4 years, only..... 25c
Fancy Yoke Dresses, 1 to 4 years, only..... 39c
Child's Reefer Coats, 1 to 4 years, worth $2.50, now..... 1.39
Many well-known makers' Corsets in this lot, slightly soiled, worth from $1 to $3, your choice at.... 48c

An early call will secure the best selection.

P. S. Open Saturday evenings only till 10:30.

P. F. Ryan & Co.

MADISON AND PEORIA STREETS.

SHOURDS & KASPER,
STATE & RANDOLPH-STS.
Dealers in Diamonds,
AMERICAN WATCHES
AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.
Established 1860. Open Evenings

SIXTY-SECOND AND SIXTY-THIRD-STS.
Opposite World's Fair.

NOW OPEN.

EVERY DAY, RAIN OR SHINE.
(SUNDAY INCLUDED),
at 3 and 8:30 p. m.

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST
AND CONGRESS OF ROUGH RIDERS OF THE WORLD.

The [key] to All.

VOTED A WORLD-BEATER.

18,000 Seats. Covered Grand Stand. Herds of Buffalo, Wild Steers and Bucking Bronchos.

Alley L, Illinois Central, Suburban and World's Fair Specials, Grip, Electric and Horse Cars all stop within 8 feet of the entrances.

Admission..... 50 Cents
Children under 10 years..... 25 Cents
A Good Meal at Restaurant, 50 cents.

REPORT OF CONDITION
OF THE
HIBERNIAN
Banking Association,
CHICAGO.

At commencement of business June 5, 1893, as made to the Auditor of Public Accounts of the State of Illinois.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$1,652,547.08
Overdrafts		2,553.72
Bonds		297,526.21
Stocks		2,828.00
Real Estate		8,543.67
Furniture and Fixtures		7,176.18
Demand Loans Secured by Collateral	$1,307,615.22	
Cash and due from banks	947,464.26	
		2,255,079.48
		$4,226,254.34

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock	$ 222,000.00
Undivided profits	388,415.04
Savings Deposits	2,764,180.74
Individual Deposits	810,414.49
Demand Certificates of Deposits	8,400.00
Certified Checks	10,543.22
Cashier's Checks outstanding	7,195.33
Due to other banks	15,105.52
	$4,226,254.34

State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss.

I, Hamilton B. Dox, Cashier of the Hibernian Banking Association of Chicago, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

HAMILTON B. DOX, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of June, 1893.

ADAM F. FRASER, Notary Public.

AUSTIN J. KILKENNY,
Wholesale and Retail
HAY, GRAIN, FLOUR AND FEED DEALER,
4037 SOUTH HALSTED-ST,
CHICAGO.
Prompt Delivery. Car Lots a Specialty.

JOHN T. O'CONNELL,
88 Washington-st, Chicago.
Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.
BUILDING LOANS A SPECIALTY.
Special Attention Given to the Interests of Non-Residents.

HENRY N. STOLTENBERG,
Attorney-at-Law,
ROOM 809 OPERA HOUSE BUILDING,
112 CLARK STREET
CHICAGO.
FORMERLY WITH WINDES & SULLIVAN.

WANTED—A PUSHING MAN TO COLLECT and canvass. $12 a week and commission. Apply to Metropolitan Life Insurance Co., 3100 State-st. THOS. J. BARRY, Supt.

OUR MODERN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow;
Slam it in, jam it in,
Still there's more to follow;
Hygiene and history,
Astronomic mystery,
Algebra, histology,
Latin, etymology,
Botany, geometry,
Greek and trigonometry;
Ram it in, cram it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Rap it in, tap it in;
What are teachers paid for?
Bang it in, slam it in;
What are children made for?
Ancient archæology,
Aryan philology,
Parsody, zoology,
Physics, climatology,
Calculus and mathematics,
Rhetoric and hydrostatics;
Hoax it in, coax it in,
Children's heads are hollow.

Scold it in, mold it in,
All that they can swallow;
Fold it in, hold it in.
Still there's more to follow.
Faces pinched, sad and pale,
Tell the same unvarying tale,
Tell of moments robbed from sleep,
Meals untasted, studies deep;
Those who've passed the furnace through
With aching brow will tell to you—

How the teacher crammed it in,
Rammed it in, jammed it in,
Crunched it in, punched it in,
Rubbed it in, clubbed it in,
Pressed it and caressed it in,
Rapped it in and slapped it in,
When their heads were hollow.
—Arthur's Home Magazine.

HIRIHIQUA.

"Viva el adelanto!" The shout of welcome homage echoed through the city of Santiago de Cuba (since known as Havana) when on the last Saturday in May, 1538, the gallant Hernando de Soto landed with his princely retinue. Great preparations had been made by the loyal inhabitants for an imposing reception, and the streets were filled with a curious crowd eager to behold their new ruler. At length the discharge of ordnance announced that the procession had left the waterside, nor was it long before the numerous retinue defiled before the applauding Cubans.

A band of pikemen led the way, wearing iron corselets and bearing long pikes with steel heads glittering in the sun. They were followed by a band of archers with well filled quivers, and then came a small band of the newly organized halberdiers, equipped in casque and plate armor. The trumpeters came next, wearing their gorgeous state uniforms and blowing fanfares upon their clarions, which were ornamented with silken bannerols. After the trumpeters came an esquire, bearing a banner on which was embroidered De Soto's arms and attended by 12 yeomen carrying maces. And now loud shouts announced the advent of the "adelanto."

The conqueror of Peru was then in the prime of life and rode with chivalrous bearing upon the richly caparisoned charger just presented to him. He wore a full suit of polished steel armor richly inlaid with gold, while about his neck was the gorgeous collar of the order of the Golden Fleece, a gift from his monarch. By his side mounted on an ambling mule was Donna Isabella, his noble bride, and following them came a train of esquires, pages and men at arms wearing the armorial bearing of the "adelanto." A long column of knights followed, their polished armor flashing in the sunlight, their pennons and plumes floating in the air, and their Andalusian chargers curveting along as if panting for the contest. Never had such a gallant body been seen in Santiago as this brilliant retinue which escorted Hernando de Soto to the cathedral, where a high mass was to be offered up for their safe arrival from old Spain.

"Holy mother, but it is a glorious sight," exclaimed a young girl, who had stood in a large window in the Calle de Ignacio, gazing through the ornamented iron work at the glittering host as it defiled past. Nor could she but feel flattered at the homage paid her by the chevaliers as they passed—many of them reining in their steeds to gaze at her charms. Nor was this to be wondered at, for her beauty was of that old Andalusian stamp, in which not even the gentleness of the fairer sex can quite conceal the latent fire of the soul. Masses of raven hair lay lightly upon her brow, like untwisted silk upon white velvet, and were gathered together by a large comb, which also secured a rich lace veil.

Her languid eyes were black as jet, her lips pouttingly invited kisses, and in her rounded chin was a dimple wherein Cupid could have rested with delight. Her flexible form moved to and fro as if swayed by the south wind's breath, while a tiny foot occasionally peeped from beneath the ample skirts of her white muslin robe, beating time to the inspiring peals of the trumpets. Need we add that she carried a magnificent form, which she handled with exquisite grace?

"I am at your feet, senorita," said a gallant cavalier, approaching the window and courteously doffing his plumed hat. It was that worthy hidalgo, Don Vasco Porcallo de Figueroa, whose scarred cheek and grizzled hair bore evidence of his long services in the old world ere he crossed the Atlantic. Bringing the spoils of his valor, he had purchased a valuable estate near Trinidad, although during the gay season he resided at Havana. And of all his possessions, amusements or avocations, nothing gave him one tithe of the anxiety as the young girl whom we have described in the preceding paragraph, and who now answered his figurative salutation by exclaiming:

"Nay, dear guardian, rather come and stand by my side. Is it not a noble sight?"

"Yes, by my faith it is," replied Don Vasco. Then, entering the court, he soon occupied a place in the window. We have said that he had seen much service and that his hair was turning gray, yet he had not seen 50 harvest moons, nor was there a more graceful cavalier at the adelanto's balls. Tall, compactly built, with an electric black eye and a winning smile, he was the envy of many younger hidalgos, while his broad acres made him the more attractive to matchmaking donnas. As honorable as he was honest, and as faithful as he was brave, his dying comrade, Don Antonio Gonzales, had felt great joy when he entrusted his daughter into the hands of so true a gentleman. And Don Vasco, regarding the last wish of his friend as a solemn duty, had ever used every exertion to rear the Donna Inez as he would have brought up his own daughter.

"And do you not like it?" inquired the damsel as her guardian stepped upon the window platform. "Do you not like this flashing armor, these spirited horses, these waving banners, these bright suits of steel? Oh, yes, guardian, you must like it. I should think that the echoing notes of these trumpets would make your blood surge through your veins like a maelstrom."

"Yes, indeed. I have decided to join this expedition if De Soto will accept my poor sword."

"What!" exclaimed Donna Inez, with a look of uneasiness, "you go to the wars again! Oh, for the sake of the blessed Virgin do not go."

"Nay, nay, my fair ward, were you not just admiring the scene?"

"Aye, but this is not the picture presented at the close of a hard fought battle, when brave knights lie suffering in agony or die in despair." Then after a short pause and an evident struggle in order to keep from bursting into tears she added, "It was there my father breathed his last."

"True, but this expedition is not similar to a European campaign. These hidalgos go in quest of adventure, I admit, but they expect to find great wealth and little if any opposition."

"But is the gold there, guardian? Will it not be like Ponce de Leon's voyage in quest of the 'Fountain of Youth?'"

"I should like to find that fountain."

"And what good would it do you?" asked Inez, the color mounting to her cheeks.

"Ah," replied the knight, with a deep sigh, "it might not avail me aught. Seriously, though, my fair ward, I feel that honor calls me to join the expedition. The lady of the brave De Soto will remain here, and I feel confident that she will far eclipse my poor services. So I now kiss your hand, as I must make the necessary arrangements for the management of my estates during my absence, and should I fall, Inez, remember that everything I possess will be your dower. Adios."

"My dower," exclaimed Inez, turning from the window and speaking hurriedly to herself. "I shall be a bride of the church, then, or earth will have no object that I can love." When she reached her chamber, she bolted the door; then, throwing herself upon her couch, wept long and bitterly.

For several weeks the city of Santiago was a scene of jubilee. In the daytime the cavaliers indulged in that national yet cruel amusement—bullfighting. Mounted on the choicest steeds and clad in brilliant armor, the gallant knights contested for prizes of gold or for choice embroidery presented by the fair ones, whose bright eyes graced their lists. At night there were balls and masquerades, where the future invaders of Florida mingled in the mazes of the dance.

De Soto, while he encouraged their diversions, which served to train his young cavaliers in the use of arms and horsemanship, was not a participant in the sports. Anxiously awaiting the return of a pilot whom he had sent to discover a safe harbor for disembarkation, he occupied himself in perfecting every arrangement, nor had he a more efficient ally than Don Vasco, whose martial spirit appeared rekindled with fiery zeal. Equipping a well armed retinue of men from the vicinity of his estate, he soon had them the pride of the whole expedition. The excellence of their armature and equipments, the superiority of breed and good grooming of their horses, and the confidence which they evidently possessed in their veteran leader, showed that every battle must find them victorious or slain.

But, to the great sorrow of Don Vasco Donna Inez was never on the plaza to witness his troops at their daily guard mounting, their floating plumes, polished armor and glossy chargers now extending into line, then at the sound of the trumpet closing into square. Their pennon was a scarf worked by the fair lady for her guardian, but she had retired to a convent in pursuance, she said, of a vow. Nay, she even refused to see Don Vasco when the expedition was ready to sail, although she sent through her confessor a most pathetic entreaty. This conduct, considering that she was in truth the cause of her guardian's return to military life, was rather saddening, but he consoled himself with the thought that perhaps she was praying for his safety.

The fact was, Don Vasco had fallen desperately in love with his ward, although he dared not urge his suit, lest she should think that he had attempted to take advantage of his position, and her high spirit should rebel. She persisted in refusing to see him, but on the eve of his departure his page brought in a package, "from the Donna Inez." Tearing it open, the delighted cavalier found a silken pennon, on which was elaborately embroidered his armorial bearings, with the Italian motto, "Che sara, sara," which may be interpreted, "Whatever will be, will be."

* * * * * * *

Florida! It was on the last day of May, 1539, that De Soto and his chivalric band landed at what is now called Tampa bay and hoisted the Spanish flag as they took possession of the country in the name of Charles V. The scene was one of surpassing loveliness. A luxurious mass of laurels covered the ground beyond the narrow sandy beach, while beyond them towered the mastlike palm, the stately live oak and the gorgeous magnolia. A long distance from the sea groves of lemon and orange trees gave to the landscape the appearance of a flowery wilderness, here and there divided by quiet lagoons. Rustic tribes chambered from tree to tree, and a profusion of wild flowers bloomed on every hand.

But the aboriginal inhabitants of this terrestial paradise were not disposed to yield it without a struggle, and at length a horde of them with deafening yells set upon a party of Spaniards. The Europeans, unused to such warfare, retreated to the boats, where Don Vasco had just landed. Hastily forming a section of his horsemen, he boldly attacked the Indians and soon drove them into the interior, shouting as he urged on his charger, "Che sara, sara!" When the enemy was routed, he returned to the boats jubilant over his success, but ere he dismounted his steed staggered, then fell dead. An arrow had passed through the saddle and buried itself deeply in the animal, inflicting a mortal wound.

"Never mind," exclaimed the don, "I have been the first to raise the lance against the infidels and have lost the first horse. 'Che sara, sara!'"

On reviewing his troops that afternoon Don Vasco was somewhat annoyed to find that one of his most trusty men at arms had brought a stripling son to share the perils of the expedition.

"May it please your grace," said the man, "I wish to train him to the pursuit of arms."

"But what can his slight arm do?" angrily inquired the cavalier.

"Little now, I admit. But he knows how to dress a wound and take care of a sick comrade, and he is as true as steel."

"Well, well," replied Don Vasco, who was pleased with the youth's appearance, "you are a worthy fellow, Pedro, and I will take the boy as my page."

The delighted youth uttered an exclamation of joy, and that day he occupied a tent used for baggage and near that of his master. It was noticed by some that Pedro accompanied his son to his new quarters and relieved him from all menial duties, but indulgent parents are too common to excite much attention. Never was such a page seen as Jose, and soon, for want of a better confidant, Don Vasco told him of his love, almost hopeless as it was, for his ward.

Meanwhile De Soto found himself opposed by a cacique, who remained implacably hostile, and he was about to send a captain with a troop to conquer him when the honor was claimed by Don Vasco. Mustering his band, he selected a picked detachment, and at the earnest entreaty of his page the youth was of the party. They left in great pomp, with trumpets sounding and the cherished banner waving in the breeze, while Don Vasco vauntingly declared that he would "bring Hirihiqua back either as a friend or as a captive. 'Che sara, sara!'"

As the Spaniards advanced messenger after messenger came from Hirihiqua, warning him not to proceed, but the hot headed Don Vasco judged that this was evidence of the cowardice of his foe. Spurring on he at last came to a tangled hammock, in which was a dismal looking morass shaded by cypresses. This his men knew it would be impossible to cross, laden as they were with heavy armor, but Don Vasco was not so easily daunted. Putting spurs to his horse he entered the morass, but his steed soon floundered and fell. It was impossible for him to extricate himself, and he was in danger of sinking into the quagmire.

But his page managed to go to the rescue by throwing pieces of bark before him that supported his light weight and thus enabled him to carry a rope to Don Vasco. Pulled out, all besmeared with mud, the crestfallen cavalier felt that the martial fire so suddenly rekindled was as suddenly extinct, and he ordered a retreat to the camp, humbled by the potent Hirihiqua, who had encountered him with friendly warnings and had imprisoned him in a mudhole to be rescued by a page.

Just as the troop was preparing to retire, a vicious horse reared, and striking out with his fore feet kicked the page with such force that he fell from the saddle. Then it was that Pedro disclosed his secret, and Don Vasco discovered that the page was his devoted ward, Donna Inez. Clasping her to his bosom, he vowed that henceforth no earthly power should separate them.

"Not even Hirihiqua?" inquired the senorita, with a smile despite her suffering.

"Hang Hirihiqua and all the other quas! If you will be mine, I will leave all this soldiering to younger hands, and we will return to Cuba. What say you, my ward?"

"Must I not follow my guardian's advice? Nay, if I had not loved you as a civilian, what would have made me follow you here when you put on your armor?" A kiss sealed the contract.

The next day as De Soto sat before his tent chatting with his confessor, a cavalcade approached. It was Don Vasco, with soiled attire, walking by the side of a litter, upon which lay his page, while his troop followed in picturesque disorder.

"I have a boon to ask," said the knight. "Let my lieutenant, Gomez, take command of my troops and retain all my munitions of war, but I only ask the blessing of this holy father upon my fair ward here in masquerade and leave to go home."

"You shall have all you ask," replied De Soto, "although I regret to lose you. But as love made you enlist love shall procure your discharge."

Theirs was a long and happy life, and among the ornaments of their palatial residence, yet standing in Havana, is a painting procured by a Spaniard, who, more fortunate than Don Vasco, was not enticed into a swamp.—Ben: Perley Poore.

The Turkey Call.

I think I have discovered an error in the Century Dictionary, in the definition of "Turkey call—an instrument producing a sound which resembles the gobbling of the turkey cock, used as a decoy." I have hunted wild turkeys and decoyed many a strutting gobbler and foolish hen to death, but always by imitating the "yelp" of the female, and I have never seen a hunter who could imitate the "gobble." Perhaps Bottini in "The Mascot" might do it, but I have heard old hunters say it is an impossibility.—Cor. Critic.

AMATEUR ARTISTS.

THE PERSONS WHO WORK FOR PLEASURE AND NOTORIETY.

The Reign of the Amateur and How It Is Affecting the Various Professions In Which Mankind Is Trying to Earn a Living—A Metropolitan View.

The other day a company of American artists seated at the cheap but filling refection of Gruyere cheese and the beer of the country amused itself by discussing the serious want of patronage from which American art is just now suffering.

"I tell you," cried a young painter of great talent, "that the professional artist in this country is worse off than ever. There was a time some 15 or 20 years ago when his prospects looked bright and his outlook cheerful. But today he wastes all his time and energy on pot boiling, and even his pot boilers have to go at a sacrifice."

"There are too many of us," quoth one of his hearers. "The supply exceeds the demand, and we are simply paying, as in other walks of life, for the crime of overproduction."

"There are not too many of us," related the first speaker. "It's the infernal amateurs who are doing work almost as good as ours, and who are underselling us. It is the reign of the amateurs which has taken all the gilt off the gingerbread of the professional."

True, absolutely true, in almost every highway and byway of modern industry. The amateur is rapidly displacing the professional to his own slight—sometimes imperceptible benefit, and always to the other's injury. When one stops to consider this truism, one is fairly stunned by the magnitude and quantity of the illustrations which prove it. Take, for instance, the field to which the discussion above quoted has relation. The woods are full of amateur "artists." Hardly a family now exists but has an "artistic" son or daughter who necessarily babbles the jargon of the craft and spoils more canvas and wastes more paint in a week than most professional artists can afford in a year.

Not only do their execrable compositions degrade the standard of art, they do worse and more material harm by making values ridiculously cheap. Glad to get anything at all—half the cost sometimes of the material they use. The amateur painters of New York alone constitute unconsciously a guild which practically starves out the profession. And the worst of it is that the amateur's work is nothing like as conspicuously bad in all instances as it used to be. Sketchy and thin as the best of it may be, it certainly complies with the elementary rules of art, and he must indeed be a bold critic who, comparing it with the efforts of trained and expert professionals, should unhesitatingly pronounce it without exception rot and rubbish.

The amateur actor and the amateur actress have inflicted incalculable injury on what calls itself specifically the profession. It is an open secret, for example, that the once profitable city of Brooklyn has been made a positively "bad show town," as the phrase goes, by the number and audacity of its amateurs. During the season they undertake performances of the severest professional character with a prodigality of energy and expenditure almost amounting to profligate extravagance which utterly eclipses the productions of the regular theaters. In fact, the Brooklyn amateurs have all but destroyed the professional drama in that city.

Again, the concert rooms of New York fairly swarm with unpaid vocalists who acquit themselves in many instances quite as well as their professional sisters and brothers, and there are already so many amateur instrumentalists in this city eager to play in public who have no urgent pecuniary need to do so that it is doubtful if the Musical Protective union dare order another general strike here, so enormous would be the rush of fairly competent amateur fiddlers and others to take the places of the strikers.

Rising higher in the social world, we find howling swells like Suffern Tailer basing their reputations entirely on their knack of driving four-in-hands en amateur, so that the amateur coachman has become really an important public character and worthy of incessant notice.

The amateur wing shot is another social lion. Compared with the feats of the plain, uncelebrated every day pot hunters of Maryland and Pennsylvania, the performances afield of George Work and Edgar Murphy and De Forrest Maurice and the rest of them seem positively puerile. But none the less are these latter knights of the trigger exalted and extolled by the newspapers as marvels of skill and vaunted among the possessions of which we ought all to be enthusiastically proud. For are they not amateurs?

At the present rate of development one cannot be certain of the ultimate limit of amateur expansion. We shall, beyond doubt, have amateur surgeons, amateur lawyers, amateur journalists, amateur barbers, amateur tailors, amateur plumbers, amateur icemen, even amateur day laborers, perhaps. Our streets will be patrolled by amateur policemen, our conflagrations extinguished by amateur firemen. And who can tell when the amateur will have so profoundly exhausted the honest occupations that he will have to become an amateur criminal?

Then shall we have our amateur burglars, our amateur pickpockets, our amateur highwaymen, our amateur murderers. The amateur shoplifter is already a formidable extant fact. What on earth is there in our social code to make the amateur homicide and the amateur river pirate impossible?

Yes, i' faith, this is the reign of the amateur with a vengeance.—Archibald Gordon in New York Recorder.

The Trouble With the Water.

Mistress—What makes your potatoes so soggy?

New Cook—Please, mum, the water they was boiled in was very wet.—New York Weekly.

Demanding the Countersign.

Stories of the blunders made by green volunteers on guard duty are always in order at the campfires of veterans of the civil war. At such an occasion recently a member of the middle Tennessee regiment, which was commanded by Colonel Gillem, told the following story:

For a time we were stationed in the city of Nashville, doing guard duty. There was a raw recruit in our ranks—an Irishman and a very good fellow—whom we all liked. He was bound to be a good soldier and had the strongest desire to be efficient in all things.

One day he was put on guard duty on one of the principal streets in the city. He had never been in the same situation and thought it his duty to challenge every one who came along, just as he would in camp.

By and by a well dressed citizen approached.

"Halt! Who goes there?" says Mike.

"A citizen," answered the man.

"Advance, citizen, and give the countersign!"

"But I don't know the countersign," said the citizen, "and if I did I think it is very strange and unusual that it should be demanded in a public place like this."

"Well, be jabers then," said Mike, "ye don't pass this way till ye've said 'Bonker hill!'"

"Bunker hill," said the man, with a grin.

"Right! Pass on," said the sentinel at "present," and the citizen went on about his affairs.—Youth's Companion.

Victims of Counterfeiters.

"Some people," said James E. Curtis, "are exceptionately unfortunate in the matter of counterfeit bills. I am one of them. For the life of me I never could tell a decently executed counterfeit from a good bill, and I am frequently victimized in consequence. Careful investigation has led me to the conclusion that it is dangerous to take change at a small window, especially when there is a crowd clamoring for attention, and I have also noticed that keepers of small stores are apt to innocently pass out bogus money which has been paid to them intentionally or by accident. There is absolute safety at a bank, and there is comparatively little danger in any large establishment not of a migratory character which has an experienced cashier. But I have been placed in an embarrassing position so often by trying to pass paper received in all good faith that I am getting very cautious about getting change under the conditions named.

"I was once put off a train in a miserably forlorn district because I tendered the conductor the last $10 bill I had in my pocket, and which, he politely told me, any fool could see was bogus. Since then I have made it a rule to provide myself with bills of all denominations up to $10 and $20, and lately have been able to get rid of the constant fear I formerly entertained of getting suspected of a crime I never so much as contemplated."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Cigars That Are Expensive.

"How often does one see 'Vuelta Abajo' written and printed on cigar boxes, and how seldom does one obtain a real Vuelta Abajo cigar!

"Tell you the reason why? Certainly," remarked the loquacious cigar man. "In the Abajo valley is a small, low piece of country about five miles from Havana, capable of producing tobacco enough to make about 30,000 cigars annually, or about one-quarter of the number smoked every six months in Washington. Without question the tobacco is the finest grown. The result is the kings and noblemen of England, Russia, Germany, France and the other European countries gobble them up. Every single cigar made of Vuelta Abajo tobacco is sold to them at prices ranging from $20 to $150 a hundred.

"Americans would never pay that price, especially when the $20 to $150 a hundred does not include the tariff, which would make the poorest quality of these cigars sell at 47 cents apiece at wholesale. These cigars are bought and paid for, too, by the way, long before the crop is ever harvested. Manufacturers, with that remarkable coolness with which some men are endowed, proceed to call all qualities and kinds of Cuban cigars 'Havana' and 'Vuelta Abajo,' when half of them never saw a cigar of that growth."—Washington News.

To Start a New England Kitchen.

To start a New England kitchen choose a location thickly settled by wage earners, those to whom ready cooked food will prove a relief from labor and to whom cleanliness and savoriness will appeal. Then secure vouchers from the honest, respectable and reliable business men of the place, from the dispensary, policemen, clergy and parish priests. Any new enterprise is looked upon with suspicion, and our wage earners are sensitive and quick to resent charity or patronage. Helpers in the work should be chosen from the neighborhood, and only those should be taken who can learn to be accurate and trustworthy.

The neighboring grocers, bakers and tinsmiths should be enlisted in the work, for they can do much by their co-operation. The habits of the people should be closely studied and friendly, and neighborly relations should be established with them. Moreover, hot and cold water, which is such an invaluable blessing in a tenement house, should be freely distributed by those in charge of the kitchen. Criticism of the dishes sold should also be welcomed, and suggestions should be encouraged.—Mrs. Ellen H. Richards in Forum.

Spain's Royal Palace.

The royal palace in Madrid, which the Infanta Eulalie still regards as her home, though her mother is in exile, is one of the most magnificent edifices in Europe. It is of marble and granite, occupies an area of 230,000 square feet and rises dazzlingly white against the sky to a height of 100 feet. The scene from the palace gardens is splendid. In the edifice there are a gallery of paintings, a library, a museum, an armory, a chapel and a theater.—New York Sun.

A BALLOON ADVENTURE.

Setting Off Fireworks at an Altitude of a Thousand Yards.

M. John Lemoinne, the French academician and publicist who died recently, made a balloon ascension in his younger years which cured him of the taste of aerostation. He was at the time a bachelor, but in spite of his want of a family had some one who looked after him carefully in the person of the concierge or porter of the house which he occupied. At the moment when the aeronaut gave the word, "Let go all!" from the balloon at the Hippodrome, in Paris, Lemoinne, who was the only person in the basket with the aeronaut, called out to a friend:

"Please go and tell my concierge, who's very fond of me, that I shan't probably sleep at home tonight. Just that—it's all that will be necessary."

Up went the balloon. A height of 1,000 yards was reached.

"Now," said the aeronaut, "we will set off the fireworks."

"What?"

"Oh, I promised to set off some fireworks at this altitude, and as I can't leave this cord I'll trouble you to touch off the roman candles. And do it carefully, for if one of the balls should strike the balloon off she'd go like a bombshell, and that would be the last of us. There they are. Now touch them off."

"Oh, yes. Certainly," said Lemoinne, with his heart in his mouth."

The balloon was plunging this way and that, and the great bag dipping down irregularly. Lemoinne touched the match to one of the roman candles, which he held with a trembling hand. Off it went—then another ball—fizz, pop—almost grazing the great plunging bag, which he knew was filled with a highly inflammable gas.

Then a bengal light was brought out, placed on a metal plate and set off. It sputtered and flamed, and little intense patches of fire were thrown off from it upon the osiers of the basket.

"Put those out!" screamed the aeronaut. "They'll set the basket on fire!"

Lemoinne scrambled over the basket, putting out the sparks of fire. The bengal light sputtered on. A fierce breeze struck the balloon, and it bent low almost to the level of the basket, which tipped sidewise fearfully. The men in it had to cling to its sides for their life.

The fire was scattered about, and some of the osiers of the basket were seen to be smoking. The thing was on fire. Lemoinne had his choice of letting it burn or falling 3,000 feet to the earth. If it blazed, and the fire was communicated to the bag, they would go to the ground anyhow.

The aeronaut meanwhile was plying the line which communicated with the escape valve and was letting out the gas with a rush. Down went the balloon. No more fireworks that day. The descent was made rapidly and successfully, and before long the ground was safely reached.

"It was just in time," said Lemoinne, in telling the story, "for the basket was on fire in several places. If we had had any difficulty in descending my concierge would have been waiting for me yet."—Youth's Companion.

Imitation Jewelry In Paris.

The manufacture of imitation jewelry in Paris dates from the reign of Louis XIV, the luxury of dress both for ladies and gentlemen at that epoch making imperative the wearing of an immense number of trinkets. The coat and dress buttons and the hat and shoe buckles manufactured in false diamonds during that reign and those of Louis XV and Louis XVI remain the most perfect specimens of that kind of trinket in existence. The fine finish of the settings and the brilliancy of the stones leave nothing to be desired, and very fortunate is the Parisian belle who has inherited from her ancestors any of these beautiful and artistic ornaments.

Modern imitation jewelry is of an infinite number of grades, beginning with the ordinary stage trinkets, in unmistakable glass and gilt brass, made only with a view to effect and glitter behind the footlights. Yet, though without any claims to deception as regards their true quality, they are often interesting as being accurate reproductions of antique or historic jewels. Such were the ornaments designed and executed for Mme. Bernhardt's impersonation of "Theodora," and of like quality are many of the ornaments manufactured for the wardrobe department of the grand opera.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Two Tunes by One Orchestra.

"I have seen or heard a number of interesting things since I came to New York," said a visitor, "and one of the things that pleased me was the music of a band that was marching in a procession and playing two tunes at once, the 'Star Spangled Banner' and 'Yankee Doodle.' The musicians playing 'Yankee Doodle' played just twice as fast as those playing the 'Star Spangled Banner,' so of course the marching time was perfect. A few days later I heard an orchestra in a theater do the same thing. All the musicians on one side of the leader played the 'Star Spangled Banner;' all the men on the other side played 'Yankee Doodle.' I am obliged to say that it struck me as being rather amusing, and I wanted to laugh at it, but I didn't. I looked right ahead, just as though I were accustomed to hearing theater orchestras play two or more tunes at once every day. But pretty soon I saw that some of the city people seemed to think that this was rather funny, and when they laughed I gave myself the pleasure of laughing too."—New York Sun.

Providing For the Future.

It is recorded of a rich old English farmer that, in giving instructions for his will, he directed that a legacy of £100 be given to his wife. Being informed that some distinction was usually made in case the widow married again he doubled the sum, and when told that this was quite contrary to custom he said with heartfelt sympathy for his possible successor, "Aye, but 'im as gets her'll deserve it."—San Francisco Argonaut.

UNWEPT, UNHONORED AND UNSUNG.

He was a pure philanthropist—
This hero of my rhyme.
The blase soul he would assist
To have a pleasant time.
And to the weeping pessimist
Make this world seem sublime.

He took no thought of starving wights
Because right well he knew
So quick are hours in their flights
No single meal would do
To keep a starving soul to rights
More than a day or two.

But when he met a man of woe
Who thought of suicide
Unto the druggist's he would go,
And there enough bromide
To lay the unhappy mortal low
He'd gratisly provide.

And if he saw a person fall
Upon the icy street,
With laughter in his voice he'd bawl,
"You've slippers on your feet."
Which so the fallen one would gall
He would forget the sleet.

And if again a person struck
A snag in some small spec—
In short, with worthless stock was stuck,
His purse a broken wreck—
He'd comfort him with "You're in luck;
You did not break your neck."

In other people's sorrows he
Would always find some fun
And try to lighten misery
As soon as 'twas begun.
He'd even chat most wittily
With his own tailor's dun.

And yet when this philanthropist
With his foredaddies slept
The many that he did assist
Unto his funeral crept,
And each in grinning did persist,
And not one mortal wept.

—Harper's Bazar.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

How Keeping Late Hours Estranged Two Young People of St. Louis.

A curious and withal instructive accident happened in "our best society" some time ago. A certain young gentleman had an engagement to escort a certain young lady to a certain very fashionable party. The young lady was quite as fashionable as the party. So when the young gentleman called about 10 o'clock she "was not quite ready, but would be down in a moment." The young gentleman waited several moments, even 20 or 30, and still she came not. He was very weary, for, being "a swell society man" and the season unusually gay, his social duties had taken him out every night for a week and kept him out until 2 or 3 in the morning.

Naturally he was somewhat sleepy, and the longer he waited the sleepier he grew. There was a large alcove in the parlor draped with heavy curtains, and in the alcove a comfortable sofa. He thought he would take "40 winks" while the leisurely lady lingered in her boudoir. He stretched himself upon the sofa and proceeded to take the much needed winks, but unluckily could not stop with 40. When at last the lady descended, radiant in loveliness and resplendent in costume, the gentleman was literally "out of sight."

She never thought of looking behind the curtains, but supposing he had "stepped out to see a friend" she waited and waited and waited in vain. At midnight she gave up the wait and retired to her room in a mood the reverse of angelic. Next morning, when the maid was arranging the parlor, she drew aside the curtains and screamed. There was Mr. Bulliboy sleeping as soundly and sweetly as an infant. The scream awakened him. He opened his eyes, rubbed them, took in the situation and fled without leaving his card. Whether or not he ever "made it all right" with Miss Creme de la Creme the deponent saith not.

The moral to this story is: Have earlier party hours. Late party hours kept Miss de la Creme up stairs when she should have been down, made Mr. Bulliboy tired and drowsy, and so tempted him to the fatal "40 winks," with the disastrous results above mentioned. When will some leading lady of fashion be sensible enough and brave enough to set the fashion of parties from 8 to 12, sharp at both ends?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Old Gold Is Scarce.

All sorts of curious things are sold for the precious metal they contain — old watches that are broken beyond repair, old seal rings and rings that were once set with gleaming gems. A broken locket once contained a miniature and probably holds the secret of a romance. A brooch is made of the light colored gold of over 100 years ago and still holds a lock of somebody's dark hair. It was bought hair and all and will go into the melting pot with its story untold.

Some of the gold comes already melted into lumps, some of it is the gold filling of teeth and dentists' scraps, and some of it is in the form of old plates, with artificial teeth still sticking to them.

Hood & Reynolds, the assayers on Tremont street, say that old gold is very scarce, and they have hard work to collect the amount needed in their business. The old jewelry and scraps are melted down and refined, then rolled out into gold foil. The gold foil is bought by dentists and put into the teeth of their customers, and in most cases goes back into the ground with the owner of the teeth when he dies. Some day, when Boston is a howling wilderness, an enterprising miner will wash out the earth of the cemeteries and reap a rich harvest.

But that is a matter of speculation. It is a matter of fact that one firm of refiners here in Boston uses up $2,500 worth of old gold every week and lately has been compelled to buy coin to eke out the supply needed for mechanical purposes.—Boston Herald.

An Art Criticism.

"The audacity of ignorance is a never failing wonder and amusement," says a painter. "I stood one day before the Sistine madonna wrapped in reverential awe. Others turned away, tears rolling down their cheeks, their hands clasped in ecstasy. Suddenly a shrill, woman's voice broke the stillness. She was sitting before the painting, gazing at it reflectively. 'It is really a very pretty picture,' she said. 'The bend of the virgin's arm is good.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Falcons In Japan.

In the olden times in Japan all the daimios (similar to the old English lord) had great sport with falcons, as they went out to the field to catch other birds with falcons. The falcons were tamed well and used to catch large birds, mostly cranes. When people now go out hunting with falcons, the men in charge hold the falcons upon their fingers. As soon as one sees any bird he lets the falcon rush at the bird; as soon as the falcon reaches the bird he bites at the throat and throws the bird down to the ground. Meanwhile the holder runs to the place where they are and catches both of them.

Falcons are not large birds, but as they belong to the eagle family they are strong and brave and never afraid to go at any bird to kill it, but the men in charge of falcons of course take great care in feeding and taming them.—Chicago News-Record.

The Blue of Sapphires.

Star sapphires are generally of a grayish blue tint, and the star is exhibited in its greatest perfection when looked at by the light of the sun or a candle. The sapphire is found of all tints and shades of blue, but the color which approximates to the shade formerly called "bleu du roi" is the most valuable. A really fine sapphire should appear blue by artificial light as well as by day. This stone is found in crystals generally of much larger size than the ruby. The name "sapphire" is perhaps the only one which runs through all languages with very slight alteration—the Hebrew name sapphir, the Chalda sapirinon, the Greek zaffiros, the Latin sapphirus, etc.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Their Favorite Amusement.

A favorite amusement with the United States army officers on the Rio Grande is the Mexican cock fight. Every Mexican village has its cock pit, and officers on a few hours' leave cross the river to see the fun. There are no better cockfighters in the world than the Mexicans, and as public opinion sanctions the sport the enjoyment of everybody is altogether frank. The acme of the sport is reached when the apparently vanquished bird, after having been completely buried in the dust of the arena to stanch his blood, suddenly rises as if from the grave, and with one blow from the spur slays his astonished rival in the act of crowing over his supposed victory.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Rude Chemist.

A chemist was called up at 2 o'clock the other morning by the ringing of the night bell. On opening the door he found a damsel, who told him that she was going to a picnic that morning and was out of rouge. The prudent druggist turned her off with the assurance that he hadn't the stock to cover a cheek like hers.—Figaro.

A Standoff.

Cholly—How often does your tailor send in his bill?

Fweddie—Every week.

Cholly—Gracious! You don't get clothes that often, do you?

Fweddie—No, and neyether does the tailor get his money.—Detroit Free Press.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me."

The fame of the song "The Girl I Left Behind Me" is worldwide. No British man-of-war leaves harbor, no British regiment leaves its station for foreign service, without the plaintive air being heard by the men who are leaving and the girls—their mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts—who are being left behind. This song, like many another that has stirred the British heart at home and abroad, that has given valor in the fight and brought the soft recollections of the motherland amid the horrors of the battlefield, is anonymous.

It is no doubt of Irish origin, but no one can tell who wrote either the words or the music. It has been found in a manuscript dated about 1770. "The air was also taken down," says Bunting, "from A. O'Neil, harper, A. D. 1800, author and date unknown. The air was written for a march, and the English version of the words, called 'Brighton Camp,' differs considerably from these." Chappell, while he put in an English claim to the air, admits that it may be Irish. He thinks it was probably written in 1758, when there were encampments along the coast—at Brighton among the rest—where many tunes of this sort originated. Wherever it was first played, it is now almost a century since it became the soldier's and sailor's loath-to-leave, and it has so long been played on every man-of-war as she weighed anchor and for every regiment as it quitted a town where it had been stationed that an omission would be thought a slight upon the ladies.—Toronto Mail.

Honors to the Victor of Blenheim.

Queen Anne was in her closet one day at Windsor—a little turret chamber with windows on every side looking over the green and fertile valley of the Thames, with all the trees in full summer foliage, and the harvest beginning to be gathered in from the fields—when there was brought to her a scrap of crumpled paper bearing upon it the few hurried lines which told of the "glorious victory" of the battle of Blenheim. It had been torn off in haste from a memorandum book on the field and was scribbled over with an inn reckoning on the other side.

The commotion it caused was not one of unmixed joy, for though the queen wrote her thanks and congratulations, and there was a great thanksgiving service at St. Paul's which she attended in state, the party in power did all that in them lay to depreciate the importance of the victory. When, however, Marlborough appeared in England with his prisoners and trophies—a marshal of France among the former, and many standards taken in the field—the popular sentiment burst all bounds, and his reception was enthusiastic. The crown lands of Woodstock were bestowed upon him as a further reward, and the queen herself commanded that a palace should be built upon the estate at the expense of the crown, to be called Blenheim in commemoration of the extraordinary victory.—Mrs. Oliphant in Century.

SUPERIOR
to all other medicines for purifying the blood and restoring the health and strength,
AYER'S Sarsaparilla
is the standard specific for Scrofula, Catarrh Rheumatism, and Debility.
Cures Others
will cure you.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State Delegate, Lawrence Henely, Twenty-seventh-st and Lake shore, Chicago.
State Secretary, J F Brennan, 1210 West Chestnut-st, Bloomington, Ill.
State Treasurer, Alex Vaughey, Seneca, Ill.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 38 E. Madison-st, at 3 p m.
County Delegate, P B Flan gan, 3623 Fifth av.
County Secretary, Francis J Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.
County Financial Secretary, D Kirby, 466 W Erie st.
County Treasurer, M E Lynch, 520 W. Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—John J. Conroy, Pres, 116 Sherman street; Wm. McNamara, V-P; Edward Quinn, Rec Sec, 873 S Ashland av; C. McLaughlin, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 3rd Sunday of each month at 2:30 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; Michael Harmon, V P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; Patrick J O'Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div 3—Ambrose Bede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill; James Carroll, V P; Wm J Luby, Rec Sec, Wm Hede, Fin Sec; P J Duffy, Treas. Meets 3d Sunday of each month in Society hall, Ogden and Western ave.

Div 4—Daniel Collins, Pres, 931 S Halsted st; David Mulligan, V P; Daniel Coreon, Rec Sec; Peter F Radigan, Fin Sec; Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meet last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av & Union st.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4305 Wentworth-av; Michael Reilly, V P; Michael D O'Brien, Rec Sec, 1429 33rd st; Jas Ryan, Fin Sec, 602 46th st; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m, in hall, corner Forty-second and Halsted sts.

Div No 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; John Byrne, V-P; Thomas Foley, Rec Sec, 2716 Bonfield st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 5 p m.

Div 8—M J Ryan, Pres, 257 Michigan-st; M Doyle, V P; D J Mahoney, Rec Sec; P J O'Sullivan, Fin Sec; James McDermott, Treas. Meet third Sunday of each month at 8 p m, corner Clark and Michigan sts.

Div 9—P O'Sullivan, Pres, South Chicago; P C Finerty, V P; Thomas White, Rec Sec, South Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin Sec; T Ahern, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, Elgeman's hall, South Chicago.

Div 10—John B O'Connor, Pres, 4520 Dreyer-st; James Small, V P; Denis O'Toole, Rec Sec, 4125 State-st; Patrick O'Brien, Fin Sec; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth av, at 3 p m.

Div 11—D Kirby, Pres, 466 W Erie-st; M R Lynch, V P; T J Lamb, Rec Sec, 578 W Erie st; M J Bradshaw Fin Sec; M J Corcoran, Treas. Meet 1st Monday each month in Anchor hall, Paulina and Indiana sts at 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 14—Jas Noonan, Pres; Austin Clark, V P; John Prendergast, Rec Sec; Edward Rogers, Fin Sec; J W McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div 17—Martin Mulcahy, Pres, 2836 Fifth-av; Lawrence Henely, V P; FJ Cosroy, Rec Sec 493 35th-st; Wm Houlihan, Fin Sec; Michael Finnegan, Treas. Meet 2nd Wednesday each month at 8 p m, at N W corner of Thirty-seventh-st and Armour-av.

Div 18—M Loftus, Pres, Central Park P O; Jas Collins, V P; John C Driscoll, Rec Sec, Moreland, Ill; J J Hickey, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet last Friday each month in Schoenhofen's hall, W Lake and Forty-third-sts

Div 19—Jas Thomas, Pres, 3802 Parnell-av; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh-st; Jer'h O'Bern, Fin Sec; Charles Lynch, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month at 3759 S Halsted at at 8 p m.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1253 Forty-seventh st; J McGeohegan, VP; Jno Toner, Rec Sec, 4604 Ashland-av; M Ryan, Fin Sec; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month in B shop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st and Ashland-av at 2:30 p m.

Div 26—P Mollroy, Pres, 4717 Wentworth-av; John Kerr, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol-st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m in Shields' hall, Fifty-first-st and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Jas Dolan, Pres, Pullman; Wm J Carroll, V P; Jas Kennedy, Rec Sec, Kensington; Peter J Tully, Fin Sec; Thos Markey, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Thursdays of each month at 8 p m in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres., Cummings, Ill.; James Crilly, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, Cummings, Ill; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Lawrence Hartnett, Treas. Meet in Link's hall, Cummings, 3d Sunday of each month at 3 p m.

Div 35—Thos Doyle, Pres, 3813 Lowe av; T F Doyle, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3754 Union-av; Michael Hughes, Fin Sec; M Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at cor 35th st and Emerald av.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson-av; W A Cunnea, V P; W M McMahon, Rec Sec, 6033 Stoney Island av; P D Ryan, Fin Sec; J J Egan, Treas. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m, at 5447 Woodlawn-av.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Roey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 60th-st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

J H Carmody, President; William Horgan, V-P; J H Howard, Rec Sec; William Tobin, Fin Sec; P J Kennedy, Treas; John Byrne, Knight Commander; John Tobin, Vice-Kt Commander; D J Solon, Sergt-at-Arms. Meet 1st Sunday of month at 3 p m in Temperance hall, cor Taylor and Miller-sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. David L Barry, Pres, 29 Plum-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; J J Barry, 2d V-P; J J Hackett, Secretary, 388 W Taylor-st; J M Carey, Ass't Secretary; John Shannon, Treas. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, on the 1st and 3rd Mondays each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J. Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Ass't Fin Sec; P. H. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 528 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth-st.; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 729 Hiaman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 183 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1825 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eiler, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 3:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2959 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester av Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas; Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John O Curtis, C R, 464 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice O Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Case st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 87th st; R S, J J Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9220 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Graper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, F E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 183 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 18th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Borland, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 483 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3806 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3729 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 5812 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 5723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 5300 Went Worth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L B Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 2060 Joseph st; R S, T T Pratte, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 3091 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3640 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schommer, jr, 103 Cornell st; R S, John Schommer, 208 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Hellmuth; T, P Mueller. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in school hall.

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 362 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St George No 48—C R, John Fleckenstein, 2563 Bonfield st; R S, Hubert Hartig, 2930 Lyman st; F S, J P Greenewald; T, M Franz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at Thirty-first and Boniface sts.

WALTHAM & ELGIN WATCHES.

For "Citizen" Subscribers and Readers. For Sale by "The Citizen." Guaranteed by "The Citizen."

We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No. 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12 00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

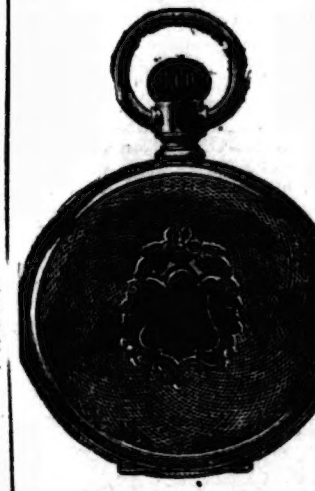
Offer No. 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14 25. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled, and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.25.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair-spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is leveled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the finenees and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co. has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint plugs, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.



SOLID GOLD, GRANGER CASE. "P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM.

The style of Waltham works is especially desirable where the most accurate time is required. They contain 15 jewels in solid gold settings. Breguet hair-spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, safety pinion, expansion balance, stem-winding and setting apparatus, and all the latest and greatest improvements. This movement is adjusted at the factory to temperature and positions; it is one of the finest full-plate movements in the world. We sell this movement in the following cases:

No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $12.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (3 oz.), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face, $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.25. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 42, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $30. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13 75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the

18th ANNUAL PICNIC

AND

Gaelic Athletic Sports

To be Given by the

HIBERNIAN RIFLES,

AT

OGDEN'S GROVE,

ON

TUESDAY, JULY 4,

Afternoon and Evening.

GOOD SPEAKERS, FINE FIELD SPORTS, DANCING, ETC.

TICKETS--50 CTS

Business Directory.

JOHN BEEGAN,
Hatter and Parade Furnisher.
Supplies all kinds of Uniform Furnishing Goods, Silk Badges for Balls, Picnics and Parades, Regalias, Sashes, Gold, Silver and Metal Badges, Banners, Flags, Supplies.
228 S. Halsted-st., Chicago. Telephone 4092.

Tailors and Drapers.

JAMES CUSHING
The Artistic and Reliable Merchant Tailor and Draper,
208 South Halsted-st., near Van Buren.
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

Furniture.

SMITH, JOHN M.
Dealer in Household Goods, Pianos and Organs,
150 to 166 West Madison Street, Near Halsted.

Attorneys.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Suite 916 Chicago Opera House Block,
112 Clark-st, Chicago. Telephone 931.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal, Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities. Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6. per cord delivered.
Office and Yard
303 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

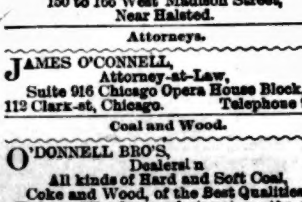
Grocers.

HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'BEIRNE, P.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy Groceries and Ship Supplies.
Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware.
349 W. Harrison St.,
Orders Called For and Delivered Free of Charge.

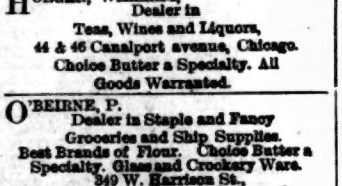
O'DONOHUE, J. J.
Dealer in Fancy Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Headquarters for Imported Dilisk.
113 Erie-st, corner Market, Chicago.

JAMES HALNAN,
UNDERTAKING AND LIVERY.
Embalming a Specialty. Carriages for Weddings, Parties and Funerals.
4849 ASHLAND AV. Telephone, Yards 543



$12.50. $12.50.

Cash or Easy Payments.
All Household Goods.
237 & 239 SOUTH HALSTED ST.
OPEN EVENINGS.



AGENTS $50 to $100 A WEEK. Ladies or Gents. Best seller known. Needed at every house, place of business or farm the year round. "Home" Electric Motor runs all kinds of light machinery. Cheapest power on earth. Connected instantly to wash or sewing machine, corn sheller, pump, fans, lathes, jewelers' or dentists' machinery, &c. Clean, noiseless, lasts a life-time. No experience needed. To show in operation means a sale. Guaranteed. Profits immense. Circulars free. W. P. HARRISON & CO., X-Y, Columbus, O.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.

John Naghten & Co,
AGENTS
VIRGINIA FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF RICHMOND, VA.
181 LaSalle-st, Chicago
Telephone 593.

SPECIAL

EASY PAYMENTS.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY, AND SILVERWARE.

Dress Goods, Cloaks and Shawls. Gents' and Boys' Suits and Overcoats. Furniture, Carpets, Pianos and Organs.

JAMES T. CLARKE,
MANAGER.
134 EAST VAN BUREN STREET,
ROOM 321. OMAHA BUILDING.
S. E. Cor. Pacific-av. and Van Buren-st.

GLASS! GLASS!

Kinsella Glass Company
207 S. CANAL-ST., CHICAGO.

Manufacturers of all descriptions of Ornamental Glass, including Bevelled Mirror Plates and Ornamental Stained Glass. Memorial Windows for churches a Specialty. Designs and prices furnished on application.

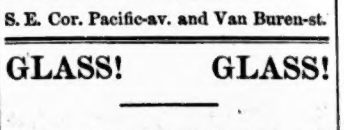
TEAS!

Best Sample Tea	20c
Best Japan Dust	10c
Fine Teas, all kinds	25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds	35c
Best Japan in the World	50c
Best Teas, all kinds	60c

WHY PAY MORE?

SEXTON THE TEA MAN
20-22 STATE STREET.
Branches { 60 CHICAGO AV. / 280 BLUE ISLAND AV.

$25 to $50 per week. Ladies or Gentlemen, using or selling "Old Reliable Plater." Only genuine way to replate rusty and worn knives, forks, spoons, etc; quickly done by dipping in melted metal. No experience, polishing or machinery. Think plate at one operation; lasts 5 to 10 years; fine finish when taken from the plater. Every family has plating to do. Plater sells readily. Profits large. W. F. Harrison & Co. Columbus, O.



WHEN GOING TO EUROPE,
Or Sending for Your Friends,
BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE
MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS
OF THE FAMOUS
White Star Line
The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.

The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC, 582 Feet. 10,000 Tons. 5 days, 18 hours, 8 min.	TEUTONIC, 10,000 Tons. 582 Feet. 5 days, 16 hours, 31 min.
BRITANNIC, 7 days, 6 hours, 32 min.	GERMANIC, 7 days, 7 hours, 37 min.

ADRIATIC.
SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM
NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,
CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.

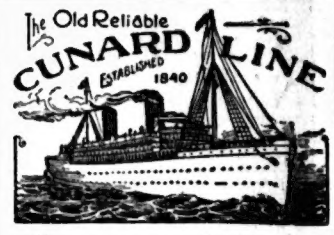
Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavian and Finnish ports.

Passengers are also booked to principal points in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.

For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, G'l Ag't, 29 Broadway, N. Y.
N. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,
64 SOUTH CLARK STREET CHICAGO.
UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.



"Campania"
"Lucania"

The New Twin Screw Steamships.

620 ft Long, 12,950 Tons, 30,000 Horse-Power.

Positively the Largest and Most Magnificent Steamers in the World.

UMBRIA, ETRURIA, AURANIA, SERVIA,

and others, averaging over 510 feet long, 7,500 tons, and 14,000 horse-power; the whole comprising an incomparable fleet of Fast-Express Passenger Steamers.

Two and three sailings weekly (including Boston Steamers), forming a service unequalled by any line now in existence.

Tickets to and from all the principal English, Irish, Scotch, Scandinavian, and Finnish ports at rates as low as by any first-class passenger line.

The character, record, and general reputation of this Line for Speed, Comfort, and Safety—**having never lost a passenger during the 52 years of its existence,** needs no comment.

Average time: a trifle over six days.
Fastest time: 5 days, 22 hours, 7 minutes.

F. G. WHITING,
Manager West. Dep't.
131 Randolph-St., Chicago.

CALL AND PAY A DEPOSIT and secure a ticket before the rates advance. We are the only agents that meet passengers at the depot and send them home free of charge.

We allow 4 per cent interest on money deposited with us; same may be drawn at any time without notice.

Call and inspect our safety-deposit vaults. Boxes $4 per year. The only vault open evenings.

GRAHAM & SONS,
Bankers, Steamship and Insurance Agents.
134 WEST MADISON STREET.
OPEN EVENINGS AND SUNDAYS.

AMERICAN LINE
UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS.
THE ONLY TRANSATLANTIC LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

New York — Southampton — London
EVERY SATURDAY.
The shortest and most convenient route to London. Passengers land at Empress Dock, avoiding inconvenience and exposure of transfer by tender.
Philadelphia — Queenstown — Liverpool
EVERY WEDNESDAY.
Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German and Scandinavian Ports.
Local Agents in all the principal towns in the United States.
Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.
INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY,
GENERAL AGENTS. 32 CLARK ST., CHICAGO.
FRANCIS C. BROWN, West. Gen. Pass Ag't.

M'AVOY
BREWING COMPANY,
2349 South Park Av.

Pure Lager Beer.
Fine Bottled Export.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.
ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice Pres.
H. T. BELLAMY, Sec. and Treas.
Telephone 8257.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ
Brewing Company,
MILWAUKEE.
Represented by
Edward G. Uihlein,
Corner Erie and Union Sts., Chicago.

No Cure. No Pay!
DR. KEAN
THE EMINENT SPECIAL PHYSICIAN.
Established 1864.
159 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.

Imperial Folio, new type, surfaced paper, beautiful and artistic illustrations. Publication in 25 parts of 40 pages each, at $1 a part, to begin with Opening of Exposition. Sold only by subscription.

THE BOOK OF THE FAIR.

An Historical and Descriptive presentation of the World's Science, Art, and Industry, as viewed through the Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. Designed to set forth the Display made by the Congress of Nations, of human achievement in material forms, so as the more effectually to illustrate the Progress of Mankind in all the departments of Civilized Life.

By HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT.

Regular Edition and Edition *de Luxe*, limited.

THE BANCROFT COMPANY, Publishers, History Building, San Francisco, Cal. Auditorium Building, Chicago, Ill.

No Library can be complete in American History without Mr. Bancroft's Works, consisting of Native Races; Central America; Mexico; Texas; Arizona and New Mexico; California; Northwest Coast; Oregon; Washington, Idaho and Montana; British Columbia; Alaska; Utah; Nevada, Wyoming and Colorado; Popular Tribunals; California Pastoral; California Inter-Pocula; Essays and Miscellany; Literary Industries.

"It is certainly a worthy scheme, and carried out most conscientiously."—*London Spectator.* "Written with dramatic penetration and genius."—*British Quarterly Review.* "A monument to the writer's intelligence and industry."—*New York Herald.* "Admirable for its vigor and freshness."—*London Times.* "Mr. Bancroft's volumes will increase in value as the years go by."—*Boston Traveler.* "From these volumes must be drawn hereafter, the only trustworthy history of these parts."—*Century.* "He is the Herbert Spencer of Historians."—*Boston Journal.* "Most remarkable and instructive work."—*London Post.* "Lays the generation under a debt of obligation."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.* "One of the noblest literary enterprises of our day."—*John G. Whittier.* "It will mark a new era in history writing."—*Chicago Times.* "His volumes are really a marvel of research, discrimination, and industry."—*New York Tribune.* "Many English and American writers of eminence, including Carlyle, Herbert Spencer, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sir Arthur Helps, J. W. Draper, W. H. Lecky, and J. R. Lowell, have already testified to the value of Mr. Bancroft's Historical labors."—*London Times.*

A new book entitled THE RESOURCES AND DEVELOPMENT OF MEXICO, 8vo. illustrated, has just been issued in Spanish and in English. It was written by Mr. Bancroft at the request of President Diaz, every part of the Republic being visited for the latest and most accurate information.

THE BANCROFT COMPANY, Publishers.
History Building, San Francisco, Cal. Auditorium Building, Chicago, Ill.

P. H. Heffron.
RICHELIEU WINE CO.
(INCORPORATED)
WHISKIES
IN BOND OR TAX PAID
IMPORTED WINES & LIQUORS
74 VAN BUREN ST. Chicago, Ill.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent Hotel, freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fireproof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc, is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc, of the city. Attached to the Hotel is a first-class Restaurant.

READ

"THE CITIZEN"

Published and Edited by

JOHN F. FINERTY.

A Weekly Journal devoted to American, Irish and General News and Comment, and to History, Literature and Politics, Native and Foreign.

It entered on the TWELFTH YEAR of publication on Saturday, January 7, 1893, with a complete new outfit.

Best Weekly Advertising Medium in the Northwest.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: Club rates, individually, $2 per year. Single subscriptions, $2.50 per year, Payable in Advance.

OFFICES, 69 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.

WANTED AN ENERGETIC CATHolic man of business disposition and steady habits. Must travel short distances in section in which he resides. Apply, with references, to BENZIGER BROTHERS, 36 & 38 Barclay St., New York.

FURNITURE,
Stoves, Carpets, Parlor Goods.
HENRY STUCKART,
2517 and 2519 Archer-av.

JAMES McENERNY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, 1108 UNITY BUILDING.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—TAKE Notice, that the undersigned Executors of the last will and testament of Andrew Walsh, deceased, will apply to the Probate Court of Cook County, at the next June term thereof, to be holden at the court house, in Chicago, in said county, on the third Monday of June, 1893, next, for leave to compound or sell all the desperate claims, debts, and demands whatsoever due the estate of said Andrew Walsh, deceased, which accrued in his lifetime.

CHRISTOPHER KELLY,
MICHAEL McNERNY,
Executors of the last will and testament of Andrew Walsh, deceased.
Dated Chicago, May 17, 1893.

KEELEY
Brewing Co.
MALTSTERS
AND
Lager Beer Brewers,
TWENTY EIGHTH ST. & COTTAGE GROVE AV.
CHICAGO, ILL.

COOKE
Brewing Co.,
Foot of 27th St.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use. Try our Special Brand of Munich Hofbrau Beer.
Telephone 8298.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4383.

PABST
BREWING COMPANY'S
BOTTLED BEER.

Put up in Quart and Pint Bottles for Family Use.

CHICAGO MAIN OFFICE,
CORNER INDIANA and DESPLAINES STREETS
HERMAN PABST, Manager.
Sold Everywhere. Try It.

CONRAD SEIPP
Brewing Company,
FOOT OF 27th STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Telephone 8350.

BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER.
PILSENER BEER.

PILES INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 10 days. Never returns. No purge. No salve. No suppository. REMEDY MAILED FREE. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 3290, New York City, N. Y.

THE

RUN

FAST TRAINS with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and St. Paul and Minneapolis.

FAST TRAINS with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between Chicago and Milwaukee and Ashland and Duluth.

Through Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room and Tourist Sleepers via the Northern Pacific Railroad between Chicago and Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash.

Convenient trains to and from Eastern, Western, Northern and Central Wisconsin points, affording unequalled service to and from Waukesha, Fond du Lac Oshkosh, Neenah, Menasha, Chippewa Falls, Eau Claire, Hurley, Wis., and Ironwood and Bessemer, Mich.

For tickets, sleeping car reservations, time tables and other information, apply to agents of the line or to Ticket Agents anywhere in the United States or Canada.

S. R. AINSLIE, General Manager, Chicago, Ill.
J. M. HANNAFORD, General Traffic Manager, St. Paul, Minn.
H. C. BARLOW, Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.
JAMES C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.